

Adventure COMICS



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Adventure COMICS

AUG.

10¢

The
HOUR MAN
Presents
MINUTE MAN
MARTIN
and the
MINUTE MEN
of
AMERICA



Richard
Foley

presenting

**"TICK-TOCK"
TYLER.**
"THE MAN OF THE HOUR..."

...AS THE

HOUR-MAN

BY BERNARD BAILY

THROUGH THE EFFORTS OF REX TYLER, THE YOUNG CHEMIST WHOSE DISCOVERY OF THE STRENGTH - GIVING 'MIRACLO' HAS ENABLED HIM TO BECOME THE 'HOUR-MAN' OF APPLETON CITY, WHERE HE LIVES, HAS ONLY A MINIMUM OF CRIME! NO ONE KNOWS THAT TYLER'S POWERS ARE GOOD FOR ONLY - ONE HOUR! THEN HE REVERTS TO HIS MEER, MILD SELF...

TYLER, THIS IS MY NIECE / I WANT YOU TO ENTERTAIN HER WHILE SHE'S VISITING ME!

ER-ER PLEASED TO MEET YOU!

HOW DO YOU DO?



YOU MUSTN'T MIND HIM, REGINA! HE'S GOT SOME SORT OF SCARY COMPLEX!

E-ER- N-NO! OF COURSE NOT!

BUT YOU'RE NOT SCARED OF ME, ARE YOU, MR. TYLER?



BUT HE IS! GIRLS HAVE ALWAYS FRIGHTENED HIM...

THAT'S GOOD! WHERE WOULD YOU LIKE TO TAKE ME?

WHY.. LET'S GO TO THE ZOO!



LATER... AT THE ZOO...

BR-R! THAT REAST GIVES ME THE SHIVERS! JUST IMAGINE IF HE ESCAPED!

PLEASE DON'T TALK ABOUT IT!





AND WHILE TYLER AND REGINA
EAT, SOMETHING IS TAKING PLACE
THAT WILL GREATLY INFLUENCE
THE HOUR-MAN...



C'MON, YOU!
NO STALLING!

OVERWORKED, UNDERNOURISHED
AND UNDERPAID, ONE OF THE
BOYS' KEELS OVER...



HEY, BOSS! C'MERE! HERE'S
ANOTHER ONE PASSED OUT!
HOPE HE AIN'T DEAD
TOO!

HE'S DEAD ALL
RIGHT! GET DOC
BLADES TO SAY
IT WAS HEART
FAILURE!

RIGHT,
MR. TAREFF!



BUT AN ALERT CITY EDITOR SENSES A
STORY AS THE POLICE REPORT OF THE CHILD'S
DEATH COMES OVER THE TICKER...



HMM! ANOTHER DEATH
AT TAREFF'S FACTORY!
HE'S BEEN GETTING AWAY
WITH THIS LONG
ENOUGH!
GIVE ME A
FRONT PAGE
YARN ON
IT!

I GOTCHA, CHIEF!
I'LL HAVE THE
PUBLIC CRYIN' IN
ITS COFFEE!

...AND THAT NIGHT AS TYLER DINES WITH REGINA
AND HIS BOSS...



BUT WHY GET SO
UPSET ABOUT
IT, MY DEAR?

BECAUSE IT'S OUTRAGEOUS!
TWELVE CHILDREN REPORTED
DEAD OF HEART FAILURE IN A
FACTORY RUN BY A MAN
NAMED TAREFF!
LISTEN TO
THIS...

AND NOW THIS
MARTIN BOY IS
DEAD! WHO WILL
BE NEXT? THESE
FACORIES MUST
BE WIPED OUT!



REGINA GETS
WORKED UP
OVER THESE
THINGS, TYLER!

SHE'S RIGHT!
CHILDREN SHOULD
BE EDUCATED...
MADE INTO MEN,
NOT BEASTS!

LATER... AT TYLER'S APARTMENT...



I'LL TAKE A 'MIRACLO' PILL AND THEN
I THINK THE HOUR-MAN WILL PAY
THE MARTINS A VISIT!



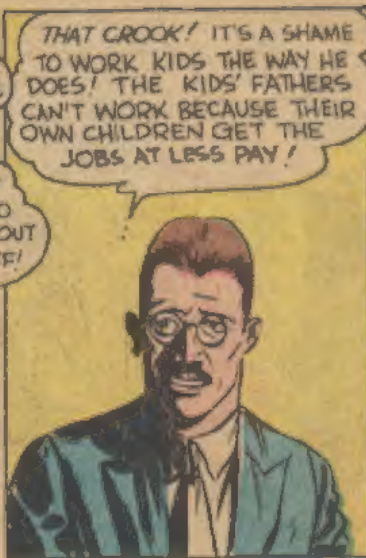
A FEW MINUTES LATER...



W-WHO ARE YOU?

DON'T BE ALARMED, I'M THE **HOUR-MAN**!

I'D LIKE TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT TAREFF!



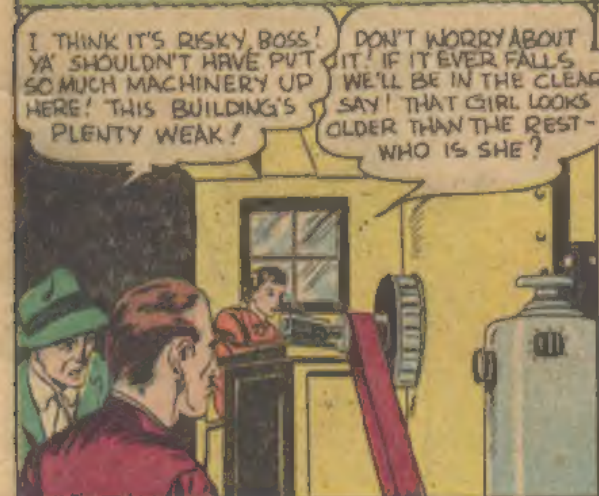
THAT CROOK! IT'S A SHAME TO WORK KIDS THE WAY HE DOES! THE KIDS' FATHERS CAN'T WORK BECAUSE THEIR OWN CHILDREN GET THE JOBS AT LESS PAY!



THAT'S ALL I WANTED TO HEAR! IF YOU STILL WANT TO BUY TAREFF'S FACTORY - WAIT HERE FOR ME!

BUT HOW - WHAT...?

NEXT EVENING: THE EMPLOYEES OF THE TAREFF FACTORY ARE WORKING OVERTIME...



I THINK IT'S RISKY, BOSS! YA' SHOULDN'T HAVE PUT SO MUCH MACHINERY UP HERE! THIS BUILDING'S PLENTY WEAK!

DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT! IF IT EVER FALLS WE'LL BE IN THE CLEAR! SAY! THAT GIRL LOOKS OLDER THAN THE REST - WHO IS SHE?

UNKNOWN TO ANYBODY, REGINA HAS SECURED WORK IN TAREFF'S FACTORY IN ORDER TO DO A LITTLE PRIVATE INVESTIGATING...



THEY'RE LOOKING AT ME! I HOPE THEY DON'T SUSPECT WHY I TOOK THIS JOB! HEAVENS! THEY'RE COMING OVER!



SHE MUST OF BEEN HIRED THIS AFTER-NOON!

YEAH! PRETTY HANDS, TOO! YOU WOULDN'T BE A REPORTER, WOULD YOU, SISTER? BETTER COME INTO MY OFFICE!



LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

SPILL IT, SISTER! WHO ARE YOU SNOOPING FOR?



SUDDENLY!

TAREFF! LOOK! IT'S - IT'S THE **HOUR-MAN**!



GETTING THE SIGNED BILL OF SALE FROM THE MEN, THE HOUR-MAN ESCORTS THEM TO THE CITY LINE.

...AND GOOD RIDDANCE! NOW TO GET BACK TO MARTIN, AND TELL HIM ALL ABOUT IT!



HELLO MARTIN!

IT'S THE HOUR-MAN! I WAS HopING YOU'D COME BACK!



THE BOY LISTENS DELIGHTEDLY AS 'TICK-TOCK' TELLS HIM THE STORY...

...AND THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENED! SAY, WHAT'S THAT?

THAT'S A RADIO TRANSMITTER!



I MADE IT MYSELF! I'VE GOT CALL LETTERS, TOO! I'M ONE OF THE 'HAMS'!

A 'HAM'? WHAT'S THAT?



A 'HAM' IS AN AMATEUR RADIO OPERATOR! WE HAVE REGULAR STATION LETTERS AND THRU THESE LETTERS WE MEET EACH OTHER AND CARRY ON ALL KINDS OF DISCUSSIONS! BUT BECAUSE OF OUR INEXPERIENCE, WE WERE NICKNAMED 'HAMS' AND THE NAME STUCK! WE HAVE 'HAMS' ALL OVER THE COUNTRY!



JIMMY THAT'S WONDERFUL! WHY I COULD MAKE A PORTABLE RADIO TRANSMITTER LIKE THAT AND FIT IT IN MY BELT AND USE IT WHEN I'M IN NEED OF ASSISTANCE!



YOU MEAN, I COULD HELP YOU?

ILL SAY YOU CAN! WHY, WE COULD FORM A CLUB OF BOYS ALL OVER THE COUNTRY. EACH ONE COULD HAVE A SET LIKE THIS ONE - THEN NO MATTER WHERE I'D BE, IF I NEEDED HELP I COULD ALWAYS GET IT!

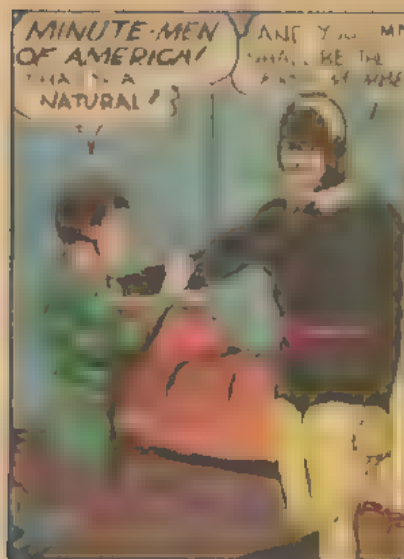


GEE, THAT'S GREAT! BUT WHAT WILL WE CALL THIS CLUB?



HMM! I RECALL THAT DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY WAR THERE WERE QUITE A FEW MEN READY TO HELP THEIR COUNTRY AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE! THEY WERE CALLED MINUTE MEN! AND THAT'S WHAT WE'LL CALL OUR CLUB - THE MINUTE-MEN OF AMERICA! FIGHTING IN THE HOUR-MAN'S ARMY AGAINST CRIME AND CORRUPTION!!!





MINUTE-MEN
OF AMERICA!
THAT IS A
NATURAL!

AND YOU MMY,
MAY BE THE
BEST OF THEM



MINUTE-MEN
AND HIS M A /
THE HOUR MAN



LISTEN CAREFULLY MARTIN!
TOMORROW NIGHT CALL IN AS
MANY OF THE 'HAMS' AS YOU
CAN. I HAVE SOMETHING TO
SAY TO THEM!



NEXT EVENING

THE HOUR MAN
WAS THE
MOST OF THE
MAY BE THE
BEST OF THEM

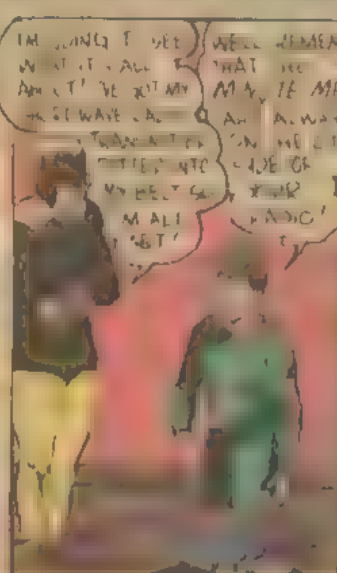
DO YOU FAITHFULLY PROMISE THAT AS
MINUTE-MEN WE WILL STAY IN
OUR COUNTRY AND FIGHT FOR
OUR COUNTRY AND LIVE AND
DIE FOR OUR COUNTRY
AND TO STAY FOR
A LONG TIME!

WE DO!



LOOK AT THESE!
THOUSANDS OF
MEN WHO WANT
TO BECOME
MINUTE-MEN!

YOU'RE DOING A
SWELL JOB OF
ORGANIZING THE
BOYS! BUT SAY
HERE'S AN
APPEAL FOR
HELP!



IM GOING TO SEE
WHAT IT ALL
ABOUT THE
HOUR MAN
AND HIS M A /
THE HOUR MAN

WELL REMEMBER
THAT THE
MINUTE-MEN
ARE ALWAYS
ON THE
SIDE OF
THE HOUR
MAN!



WHAT NEW
ADVENTURES
WILL THE HOUR-MAN FIND?
WILL HIS MINUTE-MEN BE ABLE
TO HELP HIM?
FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF
THE HOUR MAN AND MINUTE-MAN
MARTIN
IN EVERY
ADVENTURE-COMICS!

BOYS AND GIRLS! DO YOU LIKE



MUTT & JEFF?



HERE'S A
WHOLE
BOOK
OF IT!

64 PAGES

ALL IN
COLOR

Only



Many
Pages of
CICERO'S CAT!
-All in Color!

FOUR
TO SIX
PAGES OF
MUTT & JEFF
AND CICERO'S CAT
IN EVERY ISSUE OF
ALL-AMERICAN COMICS!

NOW ON SALE EVERYWHERE!

Barry O'Neill

"FANG GOW'S DAUGHTER"



THE HOUSE OF DEATH! CERTAINLY LOOKS LIKE IT!



OUR STOLEN PIGEONS LEAD US TO STRANGE PLACES. WONDER IF THE MAN DIED HERE WILL BE INSIDE?

PHIEW! WHAT SMOKE! AND THIS PLACE SMELLS TERRIBLE!

THERE IS NO DIETRE OUR STOLEN PIGEON



WELL, DIETRE, A NICE PLACE TO BRING US. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY?

YOU SEEK THE ORIENTAL FANG GOW? I HAVE INFORMATION ABOUT HIM.

WELL, BRILL!



HE HAS A DAUGHTER! HE SPEAKS HIM!

A DAUGHTER? NEVER THOUGHT HE WAS THAT HUMAN!



SUDDENLY A SPOTLIGHT IS SHOWN ON THE STAGE



AS THE SMOKE DISAPPEARS A GIRL MATERIALIZES



THAT'S HER! SHE IS A MAGICIAN, BUT SHE CAN'T FIND HER FATHER!

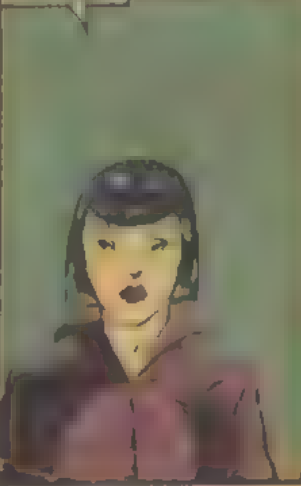


AFTER THE PERFORMANCE BARRY AND
LE GRAND VISIT THE LING.
WE'RE FROM THE FREEMAN
INTEL. SINCE WE
UNDERSTAND YOU SEEK
YOUR FATHER FANG
GAA

OH DID YOU
GENTLEMEN
HAVE NEWS
OR HINT HAVE
COME FROM
AFRAN



IT IS IMPORTANT 622
HAY HAVE A MESSAGE
FROM MY DEAR AT
MOTHER



THE AL VAY TO
FILL YOUR FATHER
IS OUR SHIP NOW
YOU ARE HERE IF
WE CAN THAT
WE US ANNOTED
THE HE ALL KEY
TO GET NO. 1

IF HEY IS
END OF
AT AT
FROM SERVICE



LATER IN BARRY'S APARTMENT

ARE YOU SURE YOU KNOW
WHAT YOU'RE DOING?
AFTER ALL THAT GIRL
IS A MILITARY
PERSON YOU'VE STED
ON A STORM LINE

FANG GOW WILL THINK
WE HAVE HER
ON AN
ESPIONAGE
CHARGE
JUST WAIT
HE'LL SHOW
UP



EXTRA! FANG GOW'S
EXTRA! DAUGHTER IS A
524

HEY GUY GIVE
ME A PAPER



HAVE TO SHOW THE
NEWSPAPER IT FANG
GOW



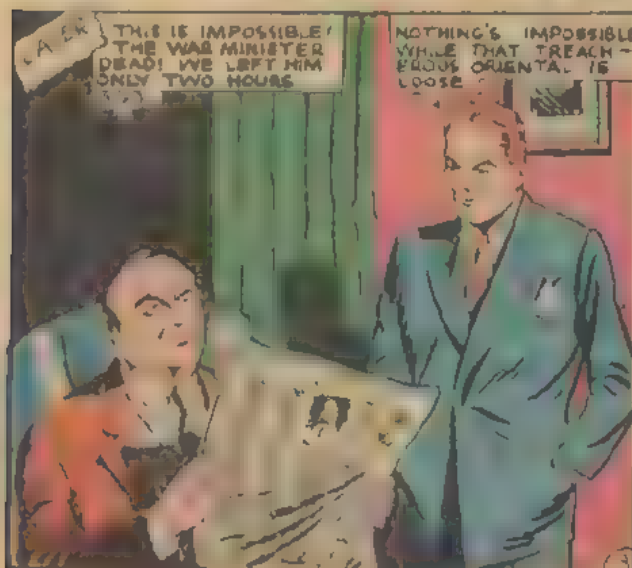
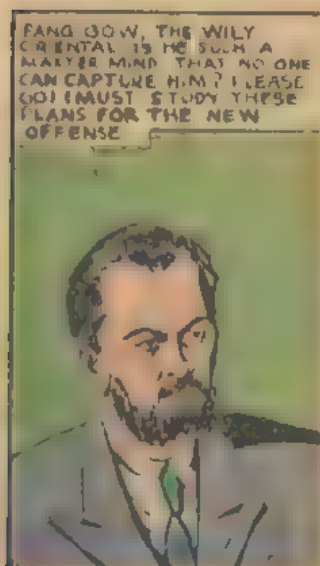
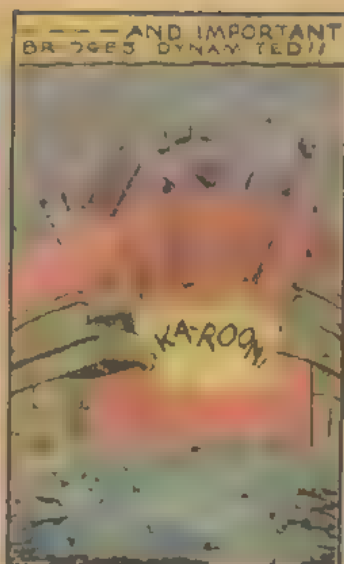
HEY, WHERE'S THE
BOSS? THE
POLICE HAVE
CAUGHT HIS
DAUGHTER!!

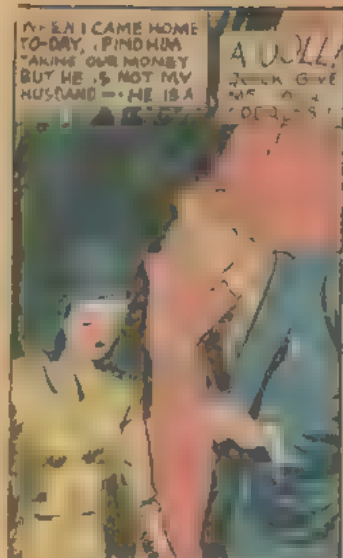
HE'S NOT HERE
WAT HERE IS
SOMETHING ON THE
LIGHT TRANSMITTER

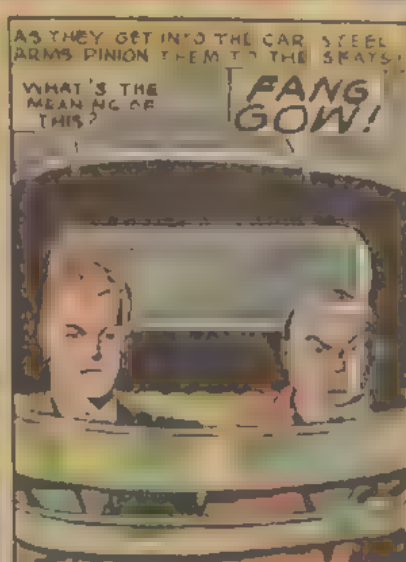
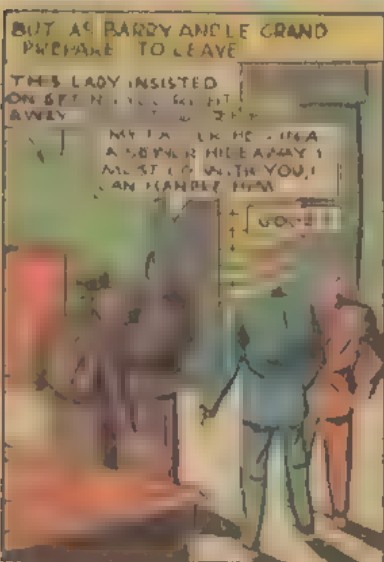
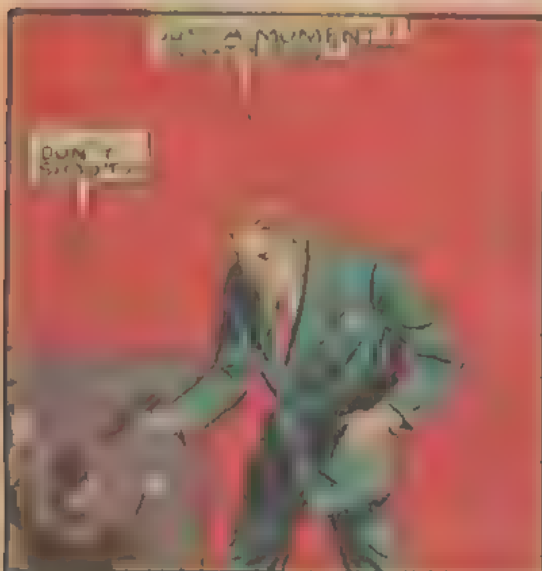
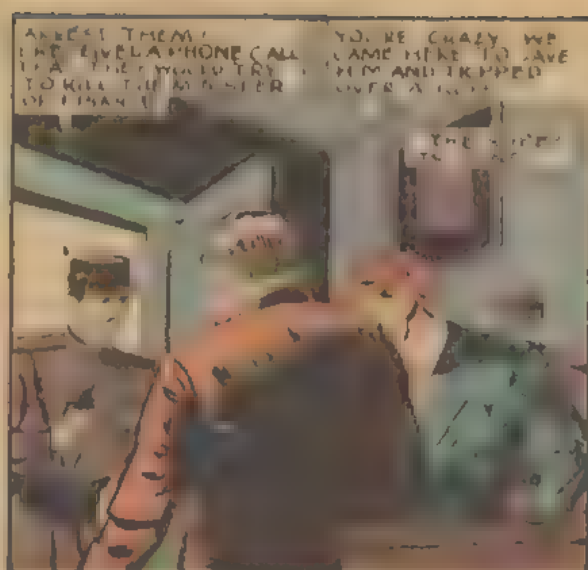


THE SABOTAGE PROGRESSES.
SHIPS ARE BLOWN UP!!









DO YOU THINK YOU
COULD OUTWIT FANG
GOW? MY OTHER FACE
WAS VERY REAL WAS IT
NOT? AND NOW MY
FRIENDS WHO ARE THE
SCOUTS SPARE YOU
SHALL BECOME DOLLS IN
MY REAL HIDEOUT!



A HA! I AM A RICK AT FANG GOW
HOLD IT
WHAT A M. KENT
BOTH OF YOU ARE
MY MAN SPARE
A HA HA HA!



THAT TO
WIKI FANG
GOW AND
O'NEIL AND
I'LL BEAT

ONLY FOR THE
FINAL STEP AND
THEN



AIGHT FANG
GOW! RELEASE
THE TWO
PRISONERS OR I'LL
USE THIS
POISON
DAGGER!



GOOD WORK DEIRE!
WE'LL TRY TO
SOME THING FOR YOU



YOU CAN DO
NOTHING. I AM DYING
HE WILL KILL ME
WITH HIS DAGGER



ALL TAKE
CARE OF
HIM
NOW!

HE'S GONE!
ESCAPED US
AGAIN!

EVEN MASQUERADING
AS A GIRL HE WAS THE
WORLD'S BEST MAGICAL



HOW FANG GOW DID IT!

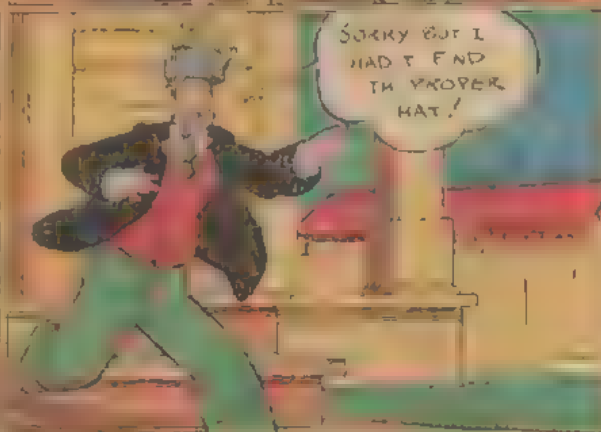
FOOLS! FORTUNATELY, PELL
THROUGH A TRAP DOOR AND THE SMOKE
PELLET IN MY RING COVERED MY
ESCAPE. I WILL HAVE MY REVENGE!
BOTH LE GRAND AND O'NEIL WILL
BE DEAD!



CAN FANG GOW
SURVIVE IN HIS
ATTEMPT TO
KILL PARRY AND
LE GRAND?
WHAT NEW
THINGS WILL HE
USE THE
WILY ORIENTAL?
-WHAT WILL
HE DO TO TRAP
HIS FOES?

-DON'T MISS
"FANG
GOW'S
CHALLENGE"
READ
IT IN
NEXT
MONTH'S
ISSUE
!!!

JUST FOR FUN BY ALGER



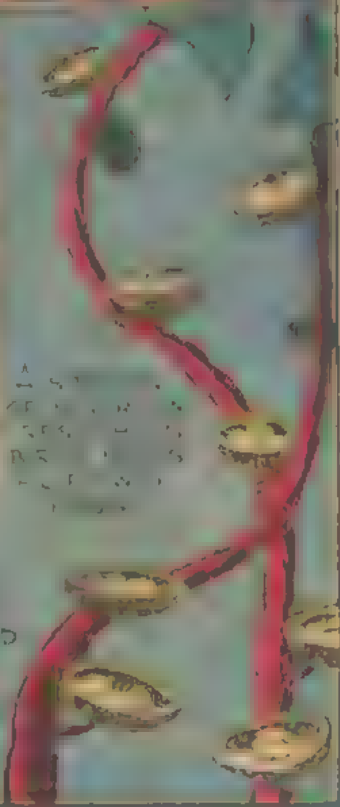
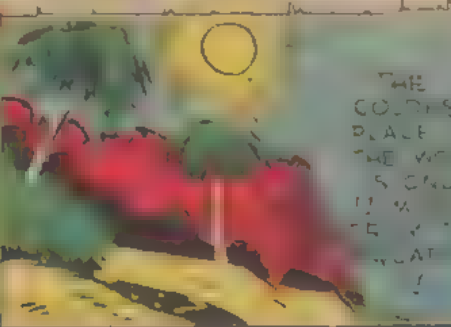
FANTASTIC FACTS

THE STEGOSAURUS

THE WORLD'S LARGEST ANIMAL
NEC 1045 TONS AND YET ITS
BRAIN WEIGHED ONLY 50 OUNCES!



THE MOST COMMON NAME IN THE
WORLD!! WONG OR WANG IS USED
BY 150,000,000 CHINESE...
ONE THIRD OF THE ENTIRE
CHINESE POPULATION!



THE
COLDEST
PLACE IN
THE WORLD
IS ONLY
12 MILES
FROM THE
EQUATOR!

MARK LANSING

OF MIKISHAWM



MARK LANSING SOLDIER OF FORTUNE AND HIS FATHER, FOLLOWER OF KODA THE SILENT ONE ARE ENCAPSED FOR THE NIGHT, DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE AFRICAN JUNGLE... WHILE ONLY A MILE AWAY....

VAS ONGA, DEADLY MASTER

IN A STRANGE DIM WORLD REVEALS THE

AN INTERNAL VIBRATION MACHINE BY WHICH HE INTENDS TO CONQUER THE EARTH!

IT IS PERFECTED! AGAINST THE UPPER WORLD WILL BE HELPLESS!

AND I WILL BE LOST AND MARK OF THE WALL



MARK'S GLOATING IS INTERRUPTED BY THE ENTRANCE OF ONE OF HIS SLAVES....

MARK'S SLAVE, SAFARI, HEARS THE SOUND OF HIS MASTER'S VOICE

QUICKLY! BRING THEM HERE! DON'T LET ANY OF THEM GET AWAY!



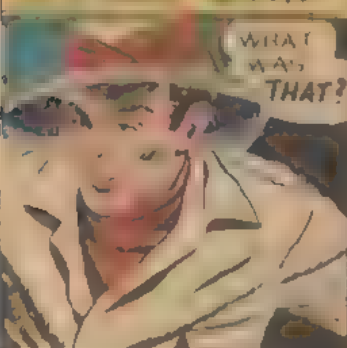
MEANWHILE... KODI IS WORRIED! OUR GUIDE HAS DEPARTED WITHOUT US! WE'RE LOST!

TONY, IT'S SO SILENT! I-I'M AFRAID!



SUDDENLY THE SILENCE OF THE JUNGLE IS BROKEN BY A SHARP CRY!!!

WHAT WAS THAT?



AND THE REMNANTS OF TONY'S SAFARI FIND THEMSELVES SURROUNDED BY A HOST OF... SLAVES



KIT! DID YOU NOTICE? THEY'RE NOT AFRICANS... THEIR SKIN IS BLUE!



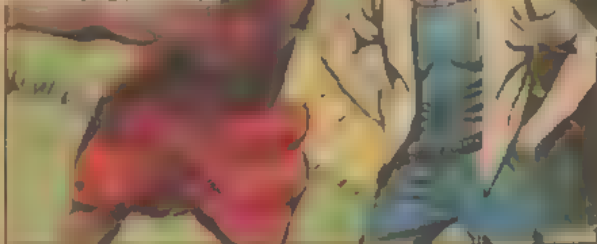
THE TWO FACTORS ARE LED THROUGH THE TUNNEL AND INTO THE PRIVATE QUARTERS OF A GENERAL.

NO MAN YET HAVE BLUNDERED UPON MY MOST PRIVATE HEAD-QUARTERS! I'M AFRAID I CAN'T LET YOU LEAVE ALIVE!

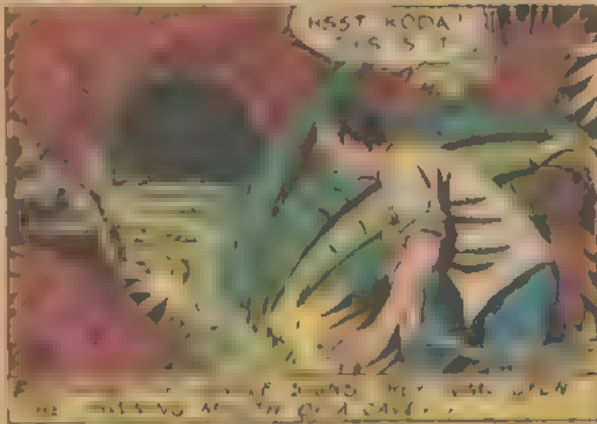
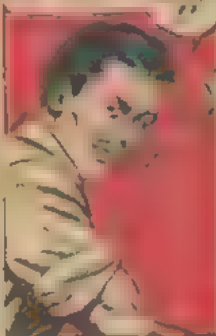


MARK WENT INTO THE CAMP OF THE SAVAGES ONLY A FEW MILES AWAY. HE FOUND THE AFRICAN GUARD OF TONY AND KIT.

BWANA! SOME OF MY MASTER HAS BEEN ABducted BY STRANGE TRIBE WITH BLUE SKIN!

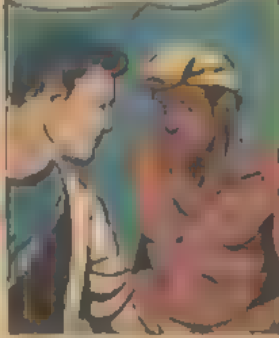


KODA! A RIFLE! AMMUNITION! WE MUST HURRY!



HURRY! KODA!

IVE GOT TO GET THAT GUARD! STAY BEHIND ME..



SORRY!

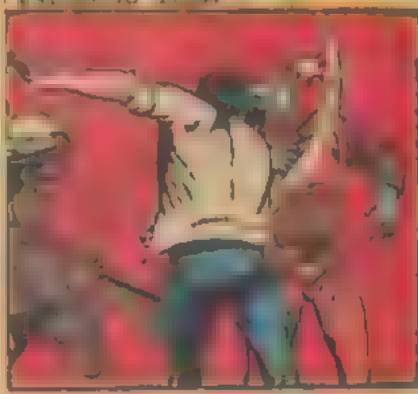


KODA! HURRY! INTO THE TUNNEL! AND FOLLOW ME!!

SWIFTLY THROUGH THE TUNNEL THEY CHARGE... AND SURPRISE ANOTHER GUARD.



MARK DROPS HIM WITH A BLOW TO THE HEAD.



MARK AND KODA CONTINUE THROUGH THE



THAT LOOT WERE
HERE KODA!
KEEP YOUR EYES
PEELED!

A FEW
HUNDRED
YARDS AWAY
WAY AND
KIT LISTEN
IN HORROR
WHILE VAS
ONGA TELLS
THEM OF
HIS SCHEME
TO CONQUER
AND RULE
THE EARTH

FOR YEARS I HAVE LABORED!
I LEARNED YOUR LANGUAGE
AND TAUGHT MY MEN
TO SPEAK YOUR
ENGLISH...



YOUR EARTH IS A HOLLOW SHELL AND IN
SIDE THERE IS ANOTHER WORLD ALMOST AS
BIG AS YOUR OWN. IT IS KNOWN AS THE
WORLD OF MIKISHAWM... MY WORLD!



VAS ONGA
GOES ON
REVEALING
A MORE
AND MORE EN-
THUSIASTIC,
WHEN TONY
SUDDENLY
LEAPS FOR-
WARD AND
GRABS
HIM....



TH GARD!
HELP! HELP!

TONY LASHES OUT
FRANTICALLY, AND
VAS ONGA GOES
TO THE FLOOR IN
A CRUMPLED HEAP...



CORNERED AND DESPERATE, TONY STANDS
HIS GROUND, PREPARED TO SELL HIS LIFE
DEARLY... COMES THE DOUBLE BARR OF A
GUN... AND INTO THE ROOM STEP
MARK AND KODA...



3 T TWO MORE MENACING FIGURES FACE HIM..



LOOK OUT!



MY NAME IS MARK LANSING!
YOUR GUIDE STUMBLED INTO
MY CAMP A FEW HOURS
AGO...TOLD ME WHAT HAD
HAPPENED!--LOOKS LIKE I
GOT HERE AT ABOUT THE
RIGHT TIME!

QUICKLY TONY
TOLD MARK
HOW THEY
WERE SEIZED
AND OF VAS
ONGA AND
HIS DESIGNS
ON THE
EARTH....

MARK LISTENS
IN SILENCE...
HIS BROW
CONTRACTS
IN A THOUGHT-
FUL FROWN..

FIRST..WE'VE GOT TO DESTROY
THIS VIBRATION MACHINE OF
HIS..THERE IS ALSO A LITTLE
ITEM OF GETTING OUT
OF HERE!



SUDDENLY KIT SCREAMS A
WARNING..

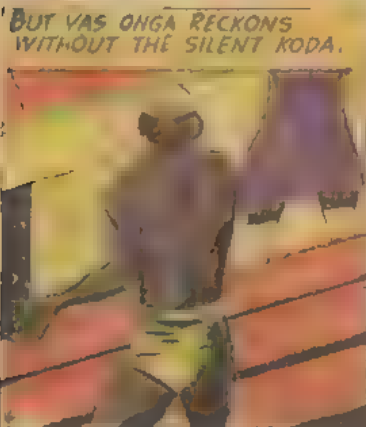
BEHIND YOU!
LOOK!



THE MAN'S
MAD!



YOU BLUNDERING EARTH FOOLS! SO
YOU WOULD RUIN THE PLANS I'VE
TAKEN YEARS TO BUILD UP!
STAND BACK! THIS BALL IS
LOADED WITH A DEADLY
EXPLOSIVE A.C.D. I'LL
DESTROY YOU ALL--!!



BUT VAS ONGA RECKONS
WITHOUT THE SILENT KODA.

UNTIL HE FEELS
HIMSELF CAUGHT
IN A GRIP OF
STEEL....



HO! THE GUARD!
THE GUARD!

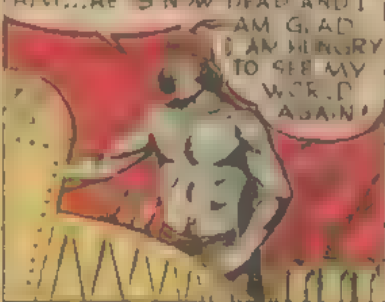
THE MAN LED
HIM AWAY TO
A TALL PLANT
AND RAPIDLY
TAKEN HIM THE
NAME OF ME-
LOM. THE MAN
HE HEARD THE
MAN SAY
IN AFTER
THE NAME.
THEY WERE ALL-
TOGETHER
IN A WAY
IN THE
EARTH.

ONLY ONE WAY OUT...
I ALONE CAN HELP
YOU!

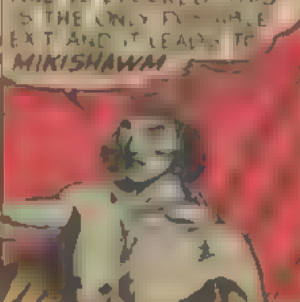
THEY STARE IN
AMAZEMENT....
THEIR GUIDE
MOTIONS FOR
THEM TO ENTER..



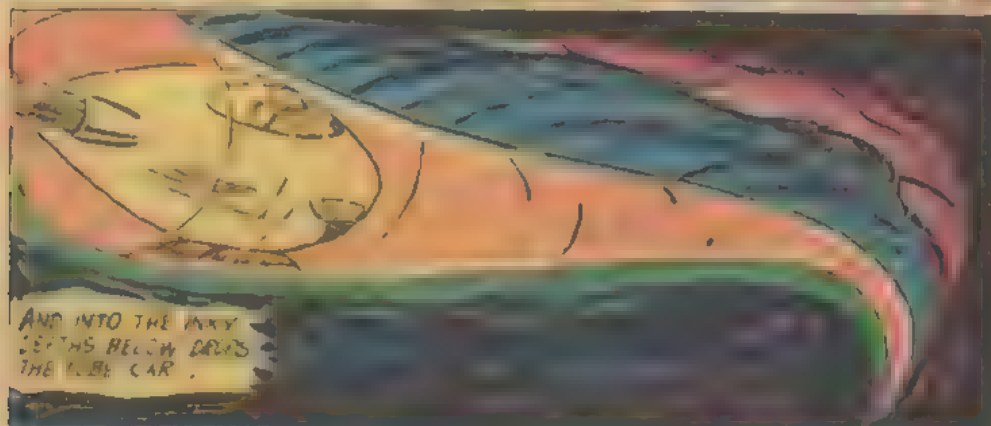
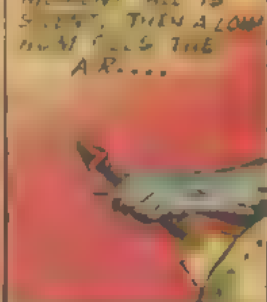
WHEN THEY ARE INSIDE HE SPEAKS
MY NAME IS JADA YEARS AGO
I WAS TAKEN CAPTIVE BY LAN
ONJA AND MADE TO WORK FOR
HIM...HE IS NOW DEAD AND I
AM GLAD
I AM HUNGRY
TO SEE MY
WORLD
AGAIN!



I REGRET EARTHLINGS,
THAT YOU MAY NEVER
SEE YOUR OWN WAY TO
A JAN BUT YOUR PASS-
AGE IS BLOCKED THIS
IS THE ONLY DOOR-
WAY NEXT AND IT LEADS TO
MIKISHAWM



SO SAYING JADA
REACHES REITH AND
SHE...M...A
...FOR A
MOMENT ALL IS
SILENT, THEN A LOW
GROWL TELLS THE
AIR....



AND INTO THE DARK
TUNNELS BELOW DROPS
THE TUBE CAR

THE AIR IS
FILLED WITH
A DULL WHINE
AS THE
SPEED OF THE
MACHINE
INCREASES...



OH, TONY! NEVER
TO SEE OUR
WORLD AGAIN?
HOW AWFUL!

ONWARD SHOOTS THE TUBE CAR
WITH JADA AT THE CONTROLS..
SUDDENLY THE CAR SLOWS,
AND HE ANNOUNCES....



WE ARE HERE!



THE CAR COMES TO A STOP.
THEY MANAGE TO SEE A
STRANGE, CRABBY WOULD
IN THE TWO MEN'S!
JADA POINTS....

YOUR KIDS MY HOME!
MANY DAYS TRAVEL
AWAY!

AS THEY
STAND WITH
MIXED EMOTIONS,
SPEECHLESS AT SOME-
THING THEY DO NOT
UNDERSTAND

NEXT MONTH...
THE DREADED MONKS

NOT SO SLEEPY

By Gordon Hall



THE sunlight, glinting on the small, struggling fish in the nets caused the scales of the fish to reflect in dazzling facets of colors.

Pedro Montanes' arms ached as he manfully tugged on his end of the net. After all, it was a hard job for a twelve-year old boy. And, when the fishermen, who just didn't understand, had taken to calling you the Portuguese equivalent of the English 'sleepy,' then it was almost too much to bear.

It wasn't that Pedro was sleepy or lazy. No, he was just young. And a boy his age can do only certain things speedily and well. Now, if it had been a ball he was chasing after . . .

Pedro smiled as he thought of this. He would show them. His glance, as he studied the other fishermen, was what might be called patronizing. Fat Rafael

there, now just let him try to catch a ball. Or Miguel, who was always talking about what a Jai-Alai expert he was. Why, everybody knew Miguel was muscle-bound.

Pedro stole a covert glance at his muscle as he tugged on the net, pulling in the thousands of sardines that the natives called "rainbow fish." They had no right to call him sleepy with a muscle like that.

But even as he was thinking this, Donez, the foreman, looked directly at Pedro and called: "Look awake, there, Sleepy! Your end of the net is dragging."

Pedro's face flushed red as the sunset over Lisbon when he realized that the foreman was right. He pulled harder on the net, until the muscles of his neck stood out like taut rubber bands.

He bit his lip to hold back the tears as the coarse laughter of the

men came to his ears. Then, as he bent over, he heard music. There was a shout from the fishermen and he looked up, expectantly.

Then, as his eyes saw what was taking place, he, too, joined in the cheering. It had come—the long-awaited circus! And tomorrow would be a holiday, because tonight the sardine run would end!

Happily, he pulled harder on the nets, meanwhile looking, from the corners of his eyes, toward shore where the glittering wagons were rumbling by, all red and gold and silver. He could imagine being close by, seeing the roaring animals, the prancing horses, the brave musicians in red and gold tooting on their glistening horns. It was a sight to stir the blood of young and old.

There was a song in Pedro's heart that night as the fishing boats pulled into shore and he helped the men hang the nets to dry in the morrow's sun. Ah, tomorrow! That would be the day.

It's a funny thing about circuses, particularly those who love them. When you know a circus is in town, and that during the night men are putting up the tents, it's pretty hard to sleep.

Pedro was like that. At the crack of dawn he was out of bed. This time there was no need for his grandmother to tell him to wash, nor to eat his breakfast. Both went rapidly, but not quite as fast as Pedro, whose legs churned up the dust as he ran the short distance from the fishing colony to the grounds where the tents were set up.

And they were there, all right. So, too, was most of the town, come to gape and wait for the opening of the show. The crowd increased as the hours went slowly by. Pedro's anxiety increased as from the inclosure came the roar of the wild animals, the shouts of the men still working.

He saw Fat Raphael arriving with his family. And Miguel. Then Donez, the fishing foreman, came along bringing his little daughter, Donna, with him. By then, the whole town was out, waiting for the circus to open.

Suddenly, just as the man started to sell tickets, excited cries came from behind him and three



men ran out. "The tiger is loose! The tiger is loose!" Their cries sent a chill through everyone's heart as they started running for cover.

And then, Pedro's heart seemed to stop! He saw the tanny yellow body of the tiger come out from the tent. Its eyes were red and ferocious and its tail waved an angry semaphore. But those eyes were on young Donna Domez, who was right in the tiger's path!

Women screamed wildly, and Pedro saw Domez sink to the ground. It looked as though the child was doomed, unless...

Quickly, Pedro tore off his bright green shirtwaist and waved it before the tiger. The beast's eyes fixed upon it. His body stiff-

ened as he snarled and leaped toward Pedro, who took to his heels, his bare brown legs flashing in the sunlight, leaving behind little clouds of dust.

Somewhere, a gun went off. But Pedro barely heard it as he ran down the street, the animal in pursuit, maddened by the pain of the bullet. His heart was pounding so that Pedro could barely hear. On he raced. He must make it—he had to make it! It was only a few feet further.

The claw of the beast just missed him as he scurried up the pole holding the fishing nets to dry. The enraged beast roared up at Pedro, whose trembling fingers fumbled with the nets.

Then, a shout went up from the crowd as the nets fell down. In a fraction of a second, the tiger was trapped within them, unable to move. And then the men from the circus came. The world swam dizzily before Pedro.

He closed his eyes and fell into the arms of Fat Miguel. When he opened them, a strange man was before him. The man from the circus he learned. Townspeople, all friends, pressed around. But what was the man saying? "You owe your lives to this boy," he said. "He is a real hero. Such nerve. Such nerve! Such quick thinking I have never seen!" He looked at the crowd. "And I shall reward him well!" he boomed. "He will be my guest and also take a purse home."

Pedro smiled happily. That would show them. He wasn't sleepy. Yes, he showed them all right.

THE END

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LEAD ME TO THE

FEDERAL MEN

with
STEVE
CARSON

and CHAD

THROUGH THE NIGHT THE CRACK
COAST LINE LIMITED SPEEDS
TOWARD ITS DESTINATION...

I'M SURE HERE THE GUY WE'RE LATE...
GOT TO BRING ER-N ON TIME

NOT TOO FAST-WE'RE COMING TO
DEAD MAN'S CURVE THAT'S TOO FAST
SLOW ER DOWN!

I CAN'T!
SHE'S STICKING
AT THIS NOTCH!

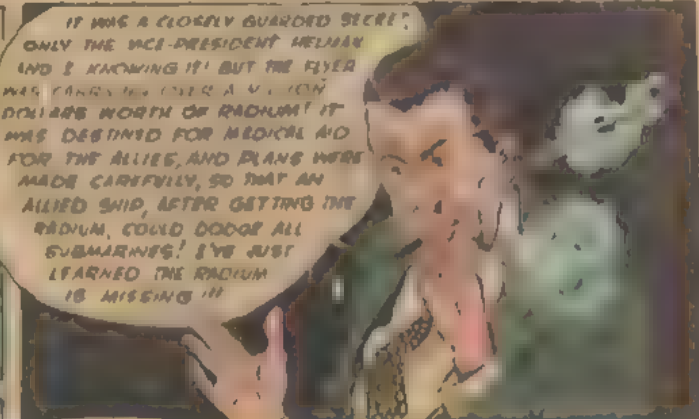
WITH A BLINDING CRASH
THE STREAM-LINED MON-
STER PILE-UP AT THE
BASE OF DEAD MAN'S
CURVE...

BOOM!

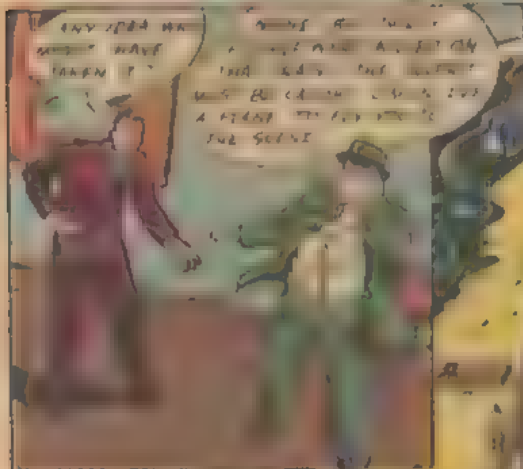
CAIRO THE NATION LEARNING
OF THE HORROR DISASTERS!

TRAIN WRECK!
30 BELIEVED KILLED-INJURED!

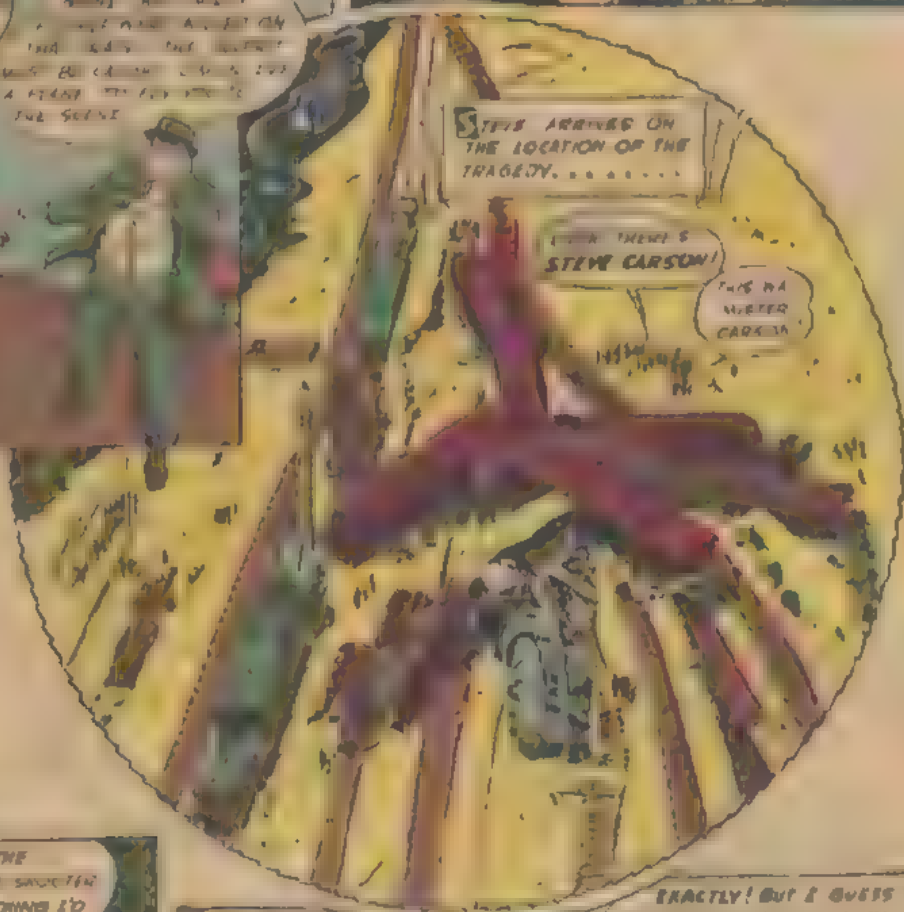
THE COAST
LINE LIMITED
CRACKED UP
TONIGHT!!!



IT WAS A CLOSELY GUARDED SECRET, ONLY THE VICE-PRESIDENT MELMAN AND I KNOWING IT! BUT THE FLYER WAS KIDNAPED, CARRIED A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH OF RADIUM! IT WAS DESTINED FOR MEDICAL AID FOR THE ALLIES, AND PLANS WERE MADE CAREFULLY, SO THAT AN ALLIED SHIP, AFTER GETTING THE RADIUM, COULD DODGE ALL SUBMARINES! I'VE JUST LEARNED THE RADIUM IS MISSING!!



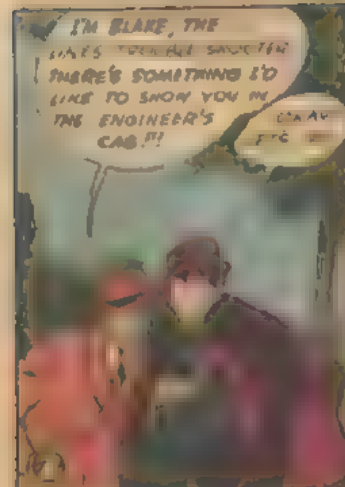
ANY IDEA WHO MIGHT HAVE TAKEN IT? I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THAT SINCE THE INCIDENT. MUST BE SOMEONE WHO'S INSIDE A PLANT, THE ONLY ONE IN THE SCENE.



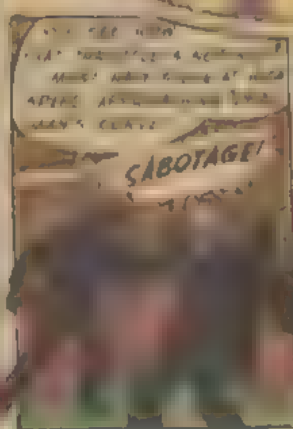
STEVE ARRIVES ON THE LOCATION OF THE TRAGEDY.

LOOK THERE'S STEVE CARSON!

THIS IS A MURDER CASE!!



I'M BLAKE, THE LONESOME SHOOTER. THERE'S SOMETHING I'D LIKE TO SHOW YOU IN THE ENGINEER'S CAB!!



SABOTAGE!



EXACTLY! BUT I GUESS THAT MURDEROUS CREW WILL NEVER BE FOUND - OR THE RADIUM! THANK GOODNESS THE PAPERS DIDN'T GET NOID OF THAT!!

I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK AROUND

STEVE SURVEYS THE WRECKAGE...

IT'S RIGHT QUER- THE COPS STOPPIN ME FERE ANYTHING HAPPENED!

STAYED YOU WHAT DO YOU MEAN?!

I WUZ DRIVIN' HOME FROM BINGO AN' COMIN' BY THIS CURVE WHEN A MAN LEAPS OUT WITH A GUN! SAYS HE'S A POLICEMAN AN' HE BLEEDS! CAN GO THRU-HA, TO DETECT- H. ME

SHOW ME THE PLACE WHERE HE STOPPED.

PEARS TO ME IT WAS RIGHT LONG HERE! I GOTTA GET GOIN' NOW! MY NAME'S SYKES IF YA WANT ME AROUND ANYMORE EVERYBODY KNOWS ME

THANKS

DISCOVERY

A DYNAMITE DETONATOR! WHEN THE FLYER DIDN'T CRASH INTO THE HILL ON DEAD MAN'S CURVE! THE SHED WAS BLOWN UP TAKING THE RAKE WITH IT!!

STEVE'S INSPECTION OF THE MACHINE IS INTERRUPTED BY APPLAUDING NOISES

WELL, WHAT A NAME!

THEY SAY I GOT TAKEN THIS THING WITH EM BUT NO, THEY HAD TO HURRY!

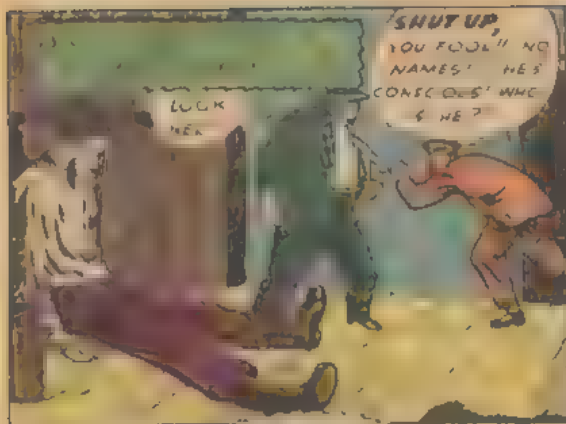
AS THE MAN PICKS UP THE DETONATOR, STEVE FOLLOWS HIM...

I HOPE THIS GUY'S HEARD NO BARK TO THEM HIDEOUT!

CATIONALLY, STEVE APPROACHES IT... AS IF FROM NOWHERE!!!

OKAY, SNOOPER! YOU ASKED FOR IT!!

THAT'S THE HIDEOUT, ALL RIGHT! NOW TO INVESTIGATE!!



"SHUT UP, YOU FOOL!" NO NAMES! HE'S CONFESSED! WHERE IS HE?"

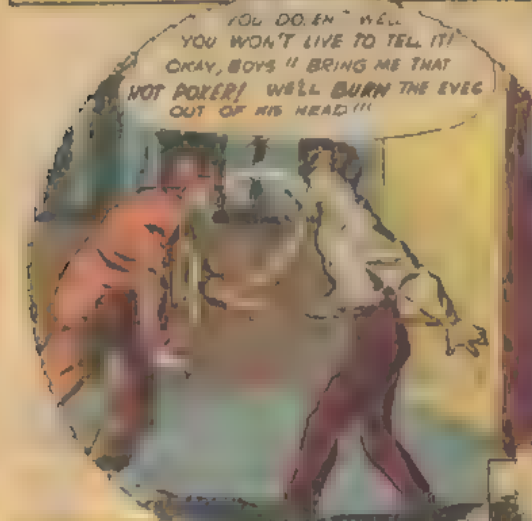
LOOK HERE!



A FEDERAL MAN!

"A FED? WE MUST GET RID OF HIM IMMEDIATELY AND SKIP WITH THE RATION!"

THOSE WARS WENT DO YOU REMEMBER? NEILAN AND BLAKE I KNOW YOU KNOW!

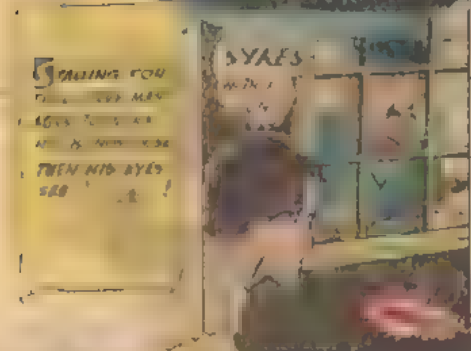


"YOU DO EN! WELL YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL IT! OKAY, BOYS! BRING ME THAT HOT POKER! WE'LL BURN THE EYES OUT OF HIS HEAD!"



"GO AHEAD, YOU-RATS! YOU'RE NOT TOO SMART! WE'LL GET YOU YET!"

WE'LL BE FAR AWAY WHEN THEY FIND WHAT'S LEFT OF YOU!



"GRABING YOU THEN, SEE ME! AGON! YOU ARE ALL! & NOW YOU THEN HIS EYES SEE!"



SYKES!



AS THE POKER COMES CLOSER STEVE YELLS!!!

"LET 'EM HAVE IT, SYKES!"



I GOT THESE MEN IN

AND I'VE GOT THIS ONE!!

"FEARED TO ME I FORGOT TO ASK WHETHER YOU WAS A COP TOO! I WASN'T GOIN TO GET FOOLED TWICE!!! SO I BRUNG MY GUN TO FIND OUT, AN' I TRAILED YOU TO THEM!!!"



BLAKE AND NEILAN A. H. GAD-UM ROBBERY MADE ME SUSPICIOUS! ONLY TWO PERSONS KNEW IT WAS ON THE TOWN ONE MUST HAVE TOLD BLAKE-HE CONFESSED FIVING THE THIEVES!



"FEDERAL MEN WITH THE ONE AND ONLY STEVE CARSON APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF ADVENTURE COMICS"

CHAC

JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB

Conducted By STEVE CARSON

GREETINGS again, Members! By the time this reaches print, you will all be enjoying your summer vacations, and it's my wish that you are all really enjoying yourselves—with a capital Joy! After a year of hard work, we're certainly entitled to a vacation, and we ought to make the most of it.

When I say "we ought to make the most of it," I don't mean that we should just do nothing but play. Yes, play is important, of course, for it helps to build strong bodies, and strong bodies are very necessary. But there are other things that can and should be done during the vacation period.

For example, if there's a bit of school work that we didn't finish off in just exactly the most satisfactory manner, wouldn't it be rather a good idea to "bone

up" on that subject during the summer so that we'd have a clear idea of what the teacher is talking about when the bell rings for that first class next Fall? I think so.

Even Uncle Sam's real FEDERAL MEN, who are conceded to be rather bright chaps, never stop trying to learn things, for a mind trained to learn is the sort of mind best equipped to grapple with real problems.

Learning doesn't necessarily mean studying text books all the time, either; it may, for example, mean reading good books, or studying nature and woodcraft, or any number of other things. It may even mean learning to swim, or to paddle a canoe. So, you see, learning can be fun. In fact, that's the spirit in which we should always attack any problem—we should understand

that there's plenty of satisfaction and real fun, too, in learning whatever we set out to learn, whether it be schoolwork or not. Often we make problems look a lot tougher than they really are, whereas if we just sail right into them with that good old "I'll show 'em" attitude, oftentimes the problem turns out to be a pushover.

I hope you've all sent in your letters to the contest we announced last month. There are some dandy CASH PRIZES waiting for the Members who write the best letters on the subject. "What can boys and girls best do to promote the cause of Law and Order," and a little cash is always a nice thing to have, especially during vacation time. To be entered in this particular contest, letters must have been postmarked on or before July 10th, but don't feel too badly if you missed the contest this time. There'll be more contests to come, and more cash prizes. But if you are not already a Member of the JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB, you'd better fill out the coupon and mail it today, for only Members of the Club are eligible to enter any contests which the Club sponsors.

Next month I'm going to tell some stories about the exploits of the Federal Men, so I want you all to turn to this page when you get your September issue of ADVENTURE COMICS. Okay? Is it a date? I'll be looking for all you Members, and I'll also be looking for a whole flock of brand new Members by that time!

Yours for LAW and ORDER,

Steve Carson.

Here's Your Chance to Join the Junior FEDERAL MEN Club

Steve Carson,
J. F. M. C. Headquarters,
480 Lexington Ave., New York City

Dear Steve:

Please enlist me as a member of your JUNIOR FEDERAL MEN CLUB. I want to help you promote Law and Order. Enclosed is 10 cents, for which please send me my Badge, Certificate and Operator's Number.

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City and State _____



JEST JOKES



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CENTS TO GET A
DOLLAR IN FULL
POTENTIAL



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IS ON

THE RADIO!



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and Friday*

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WHAM	Rochester	5:15-5:30
WGR	Buffalo	6:00-6:15
WGHI	Saratoga	6:00-6:15
WJAR	Providence	6:15-6:30
WGY	Schenectady	6:15-6:30
WBZ	Boston	5:00-5:15

WBZA	Springfield	5:00-5:15
KHJ	Los Angeles	5:00-5:15
WOL	Wichita	5:00-5:15
WFBZ	Baltimore	5:00-5:15

*Tuesday, Thursday,
and Saturday*

WFBL	Syracuse	6:15-6:30
WTIC	Hartford	6:00-6:15
WCAU	Philadelphia	6:15-6:30

LOCAL STATION AND ASK FOR IT

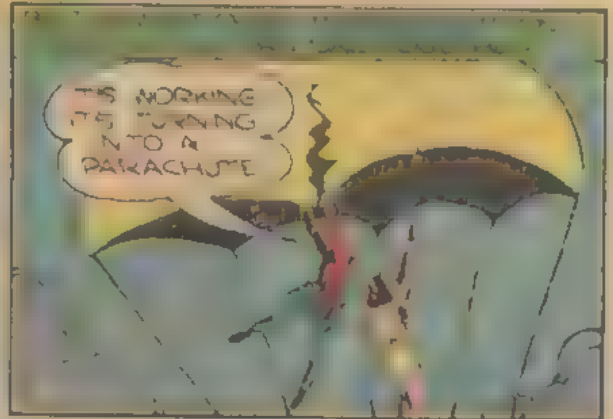
COTTON CARVER

USING A SAIL FROM A UGORAN GALLEY AS A PARACHUTE, COTTON CARVER PLUNGES TO THE AIR A MILE OF SKARA TO RESCUE ALFA-AS HE WAS HERE A LITTLE DEERER, HE PLUNGED PLUNGING THEM TO THE EARTH

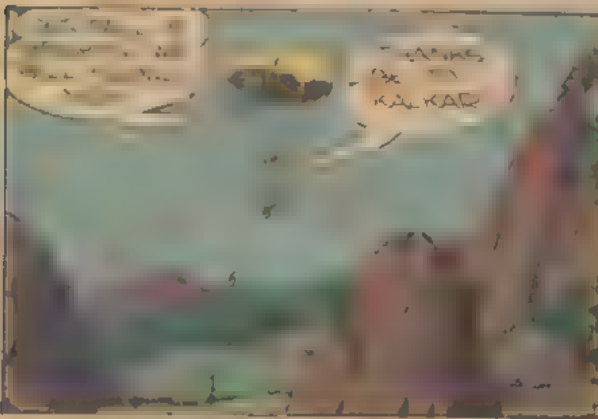


IF THIS ONLY WORKS BEFORE WE HIT THE WATER

WE'LL BE DOWN HERE TO CHECK



IT'S WORKING IT'S TURNING INTO A PARACHUTE



LOOKING FOR KAL KAD

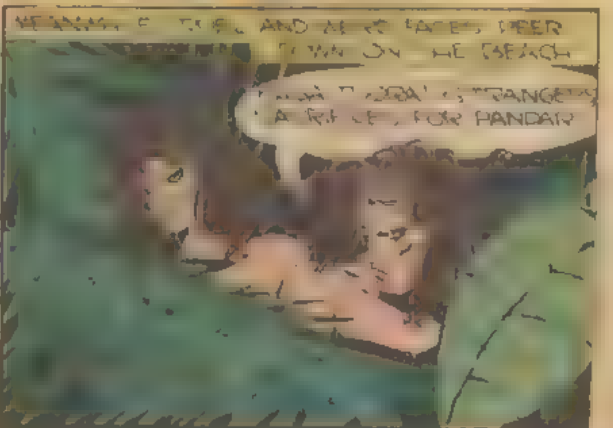


DOWN AT LAST



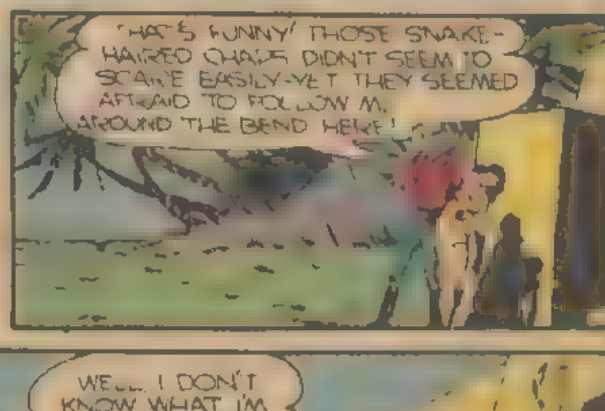
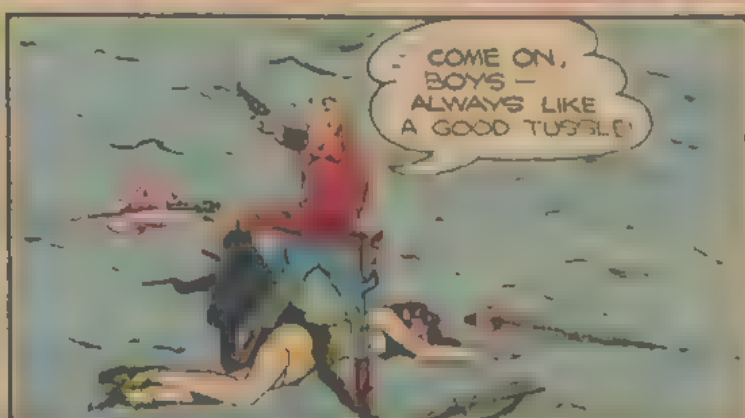
YES A LITTLE BIT

I'M A VF BUT— WHERE ARE WE? AND WHERE IS QWAR, AND THE GALLEYS OF UGOR

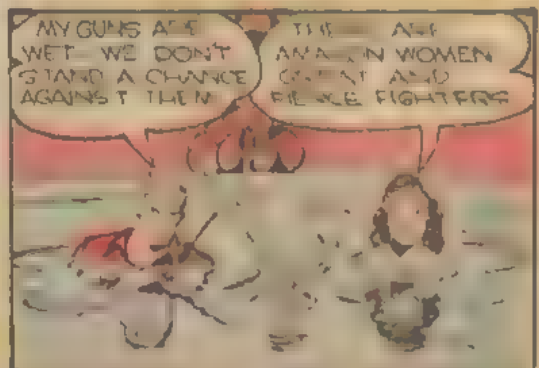
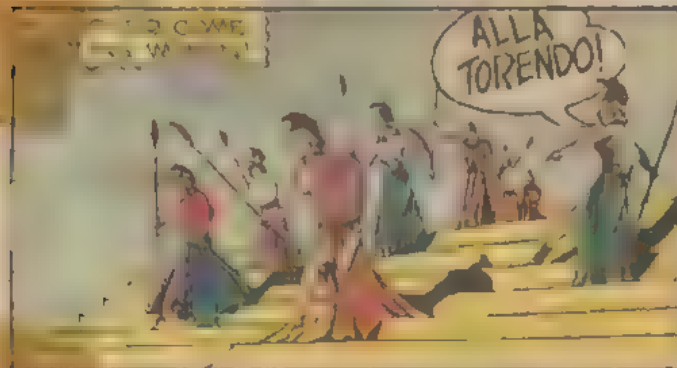
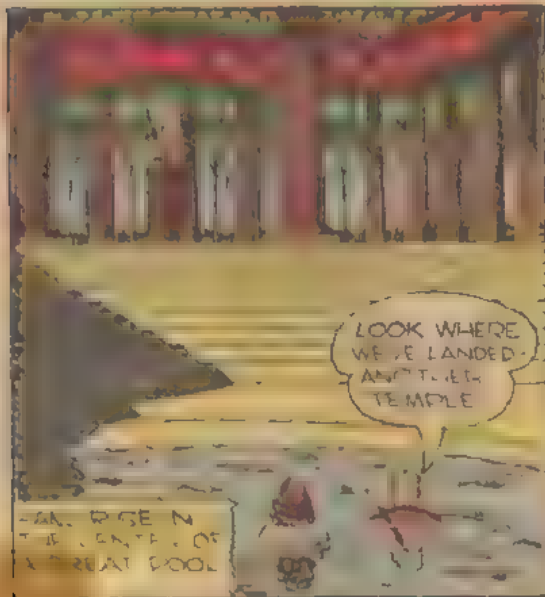
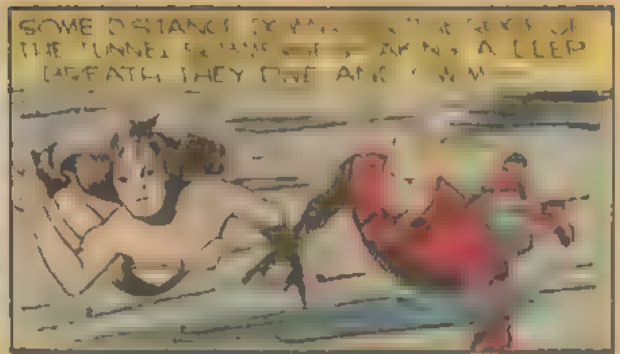


YES, YES, YES, AND HERE WE ARE, HERE WE ARE, HERE WE ARE

A LITTLE BIT, FOR PANDAR

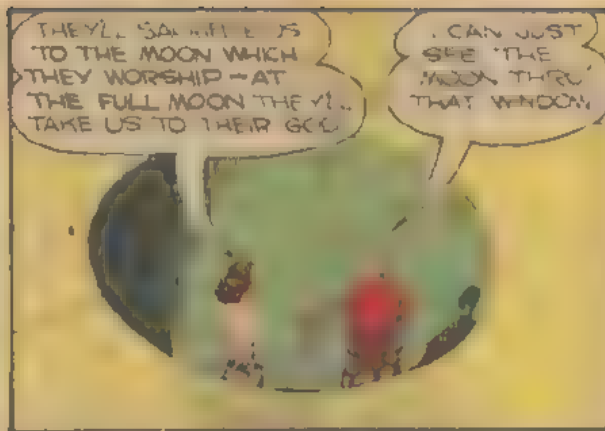








THEY ARE FLEEING
IN A SILENT HALL



THEY'LL SACRIFICE US
TO THE MOON WHICH
THEY WORSHIP - AT
THE FULL MOON THEY'LL
TAKE US TO THEIR GOD

I CAN JUST
SEE THE
MOON THRU
THAT WINDOW

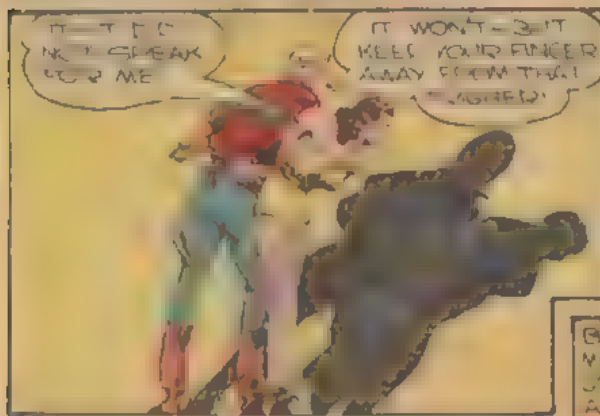


THE MOON IS
ALMOST RISEN
I GUESS
THEY'LL BE
COMING FOR
US SOON



OH NO
CHANCE - GRAB
MY BELT AND
SLIP IT UNDER
MY BELT NEAR
MY HAND

I'M AFRAID
TO TOUCH
THE
"THUNDER
BOLT"



IT'S TOO
LATE TO SPEAK
TO ME

IT WON'T - BUT
KEEP YOUR FINGER
AWAY FROM THAT
"BOLT"



AT THE
FULL OF
THE
MOON
THE
AMAZON
WILL
COME
FOR
THEM

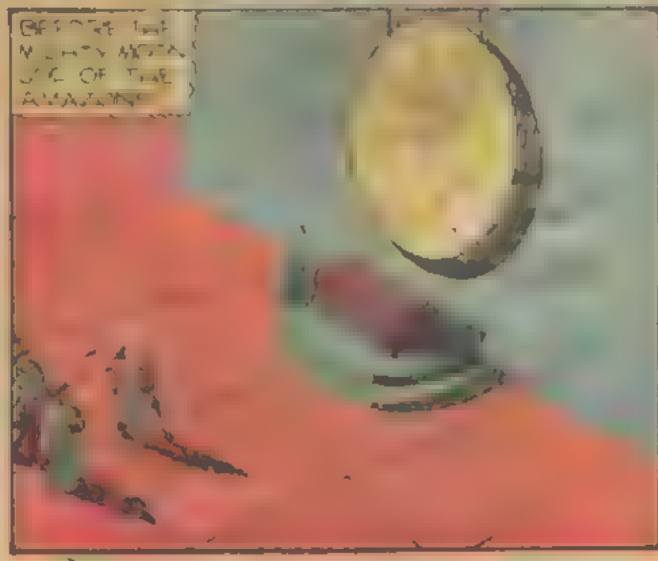
THEY'RE
GOING TO
HANG
US

THE
MOON
IS
RISING
AND
WE'VE
TO WAIT

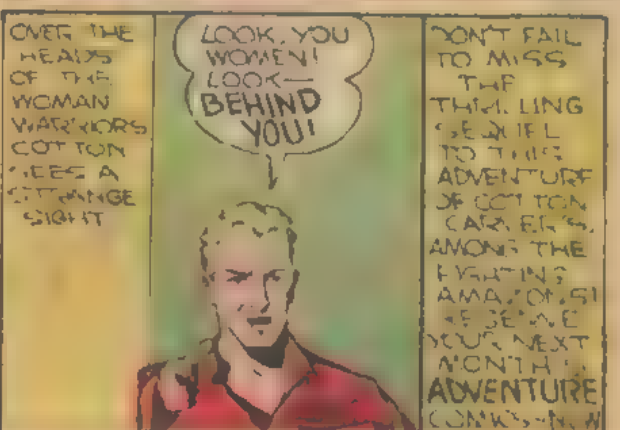
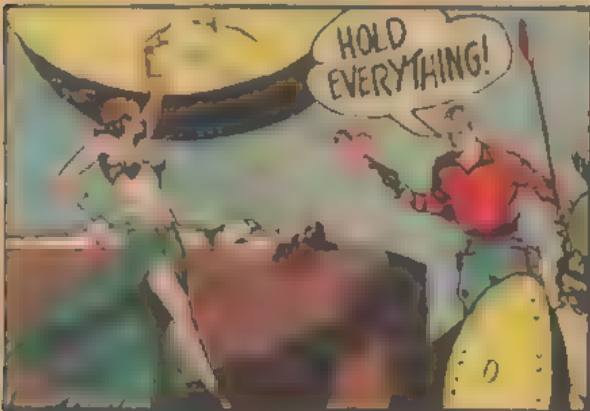


I'M
SCARED
TO
DEATH
THEY'RE
GOING TO
KILL US!

KEEP YOUR CHIN
UP LUCA WE'LL
GET OUT OF
THIS FIX
YET



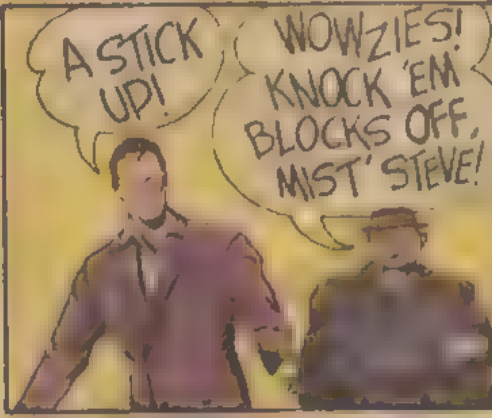
BEFORE THE
MOUNTAIN
USE OF THE
AMAZON

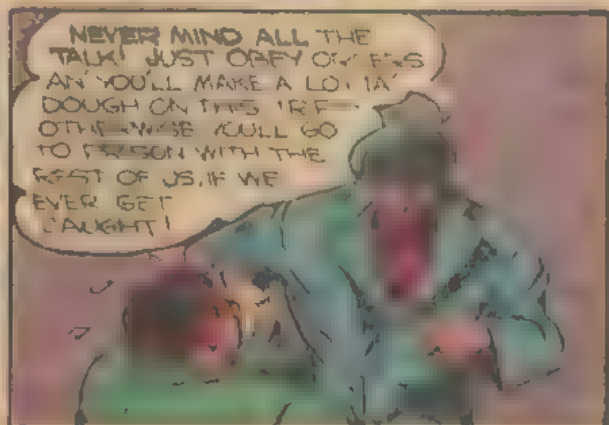
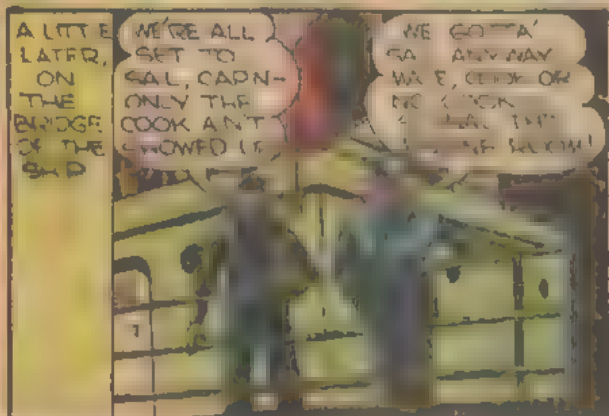
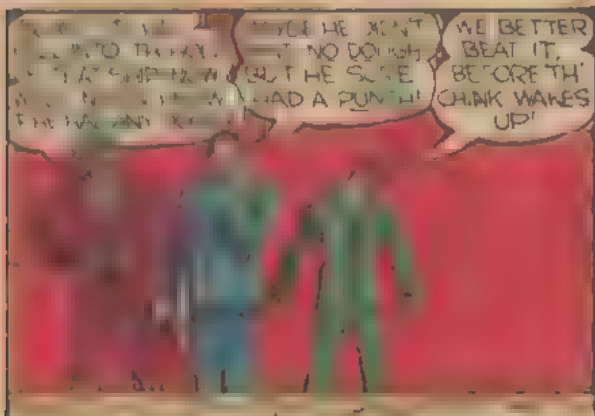
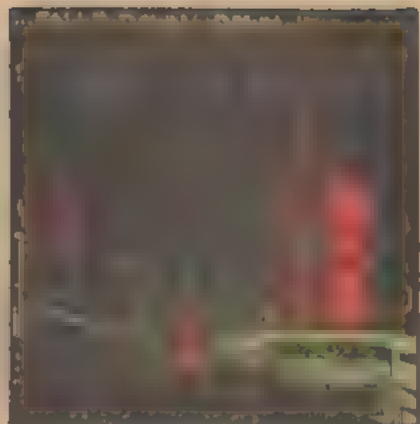


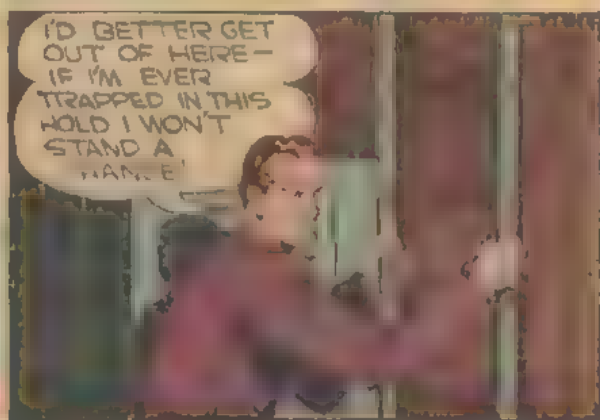
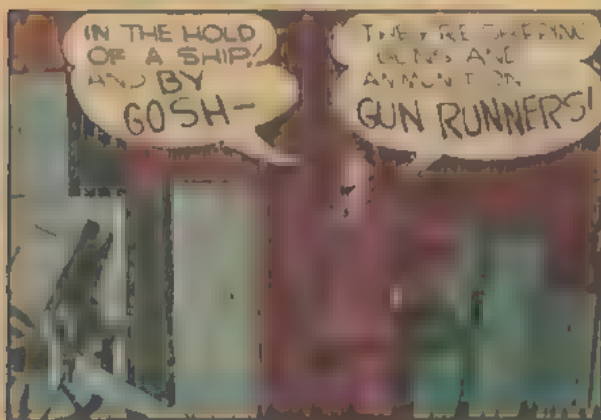
STEVE CONRAD

ADVENTURER

BY JACK LEHTI

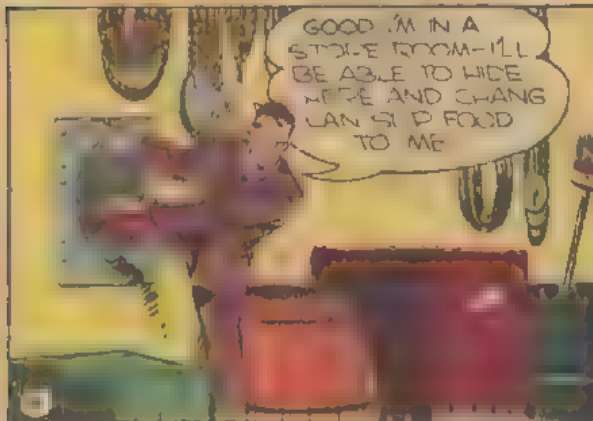
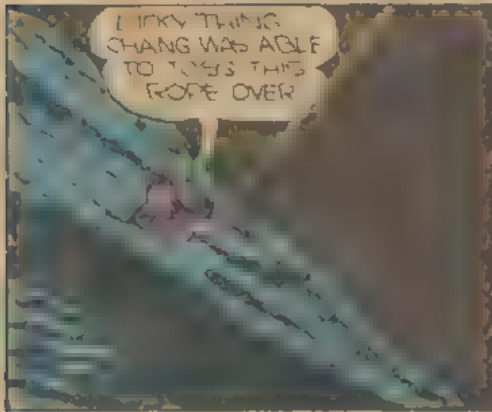
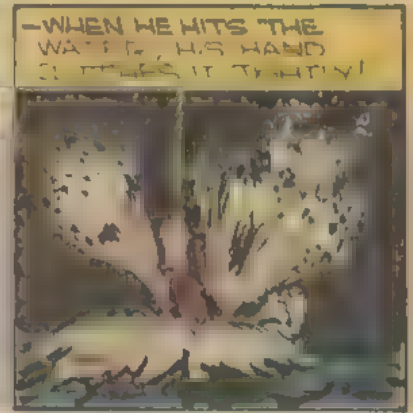
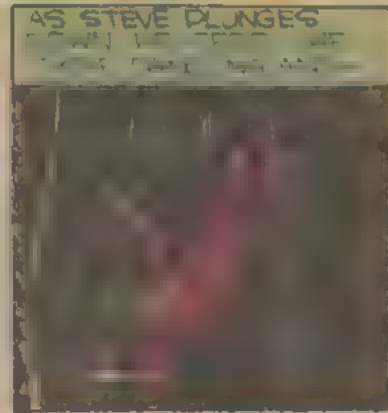
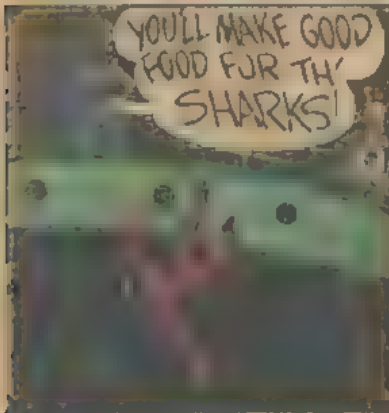


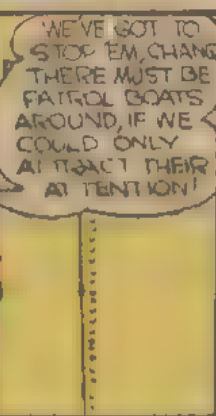
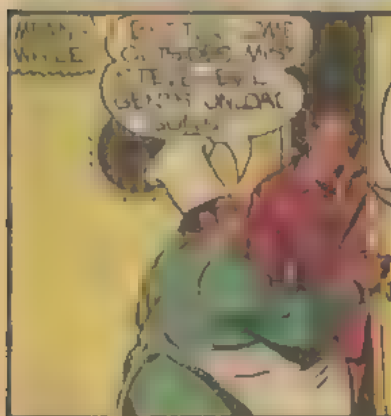
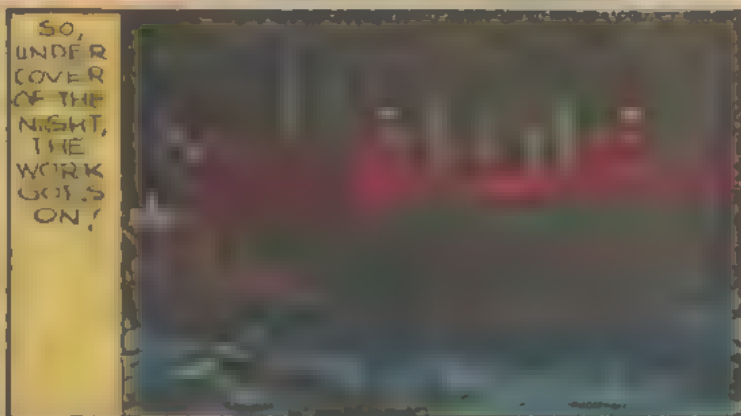
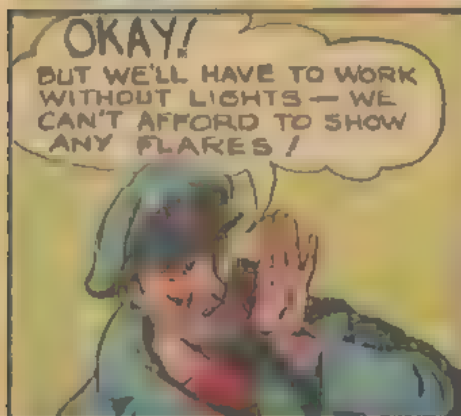
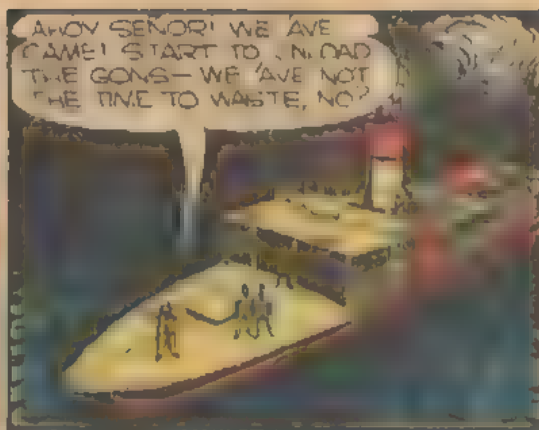
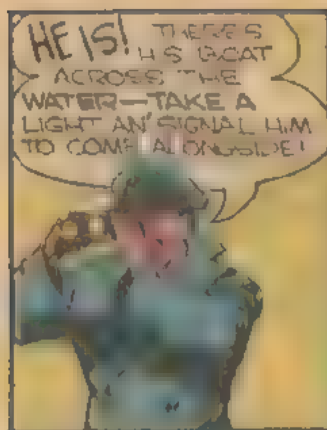


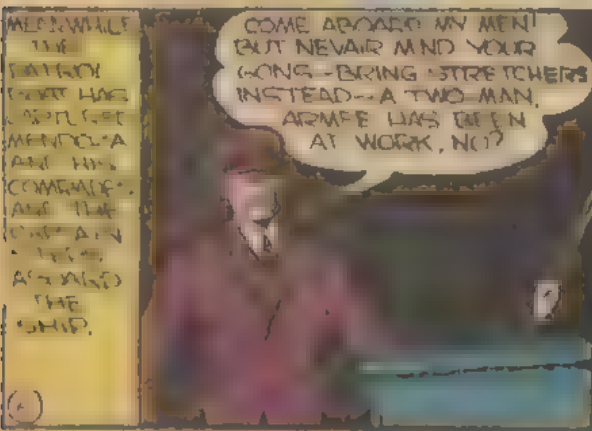
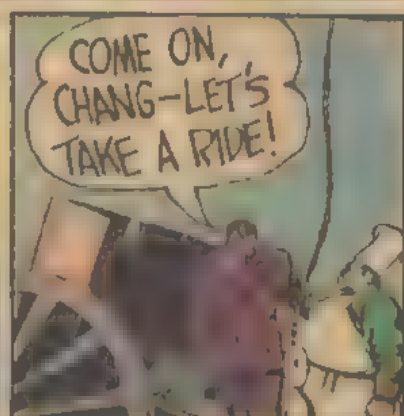
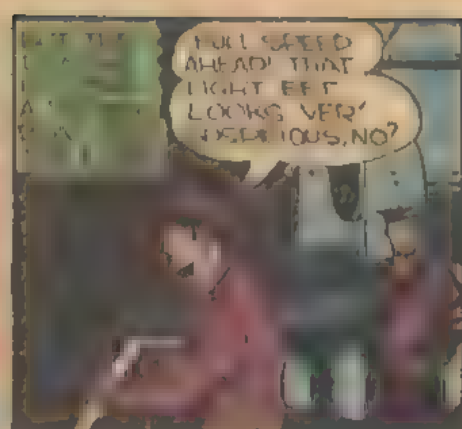
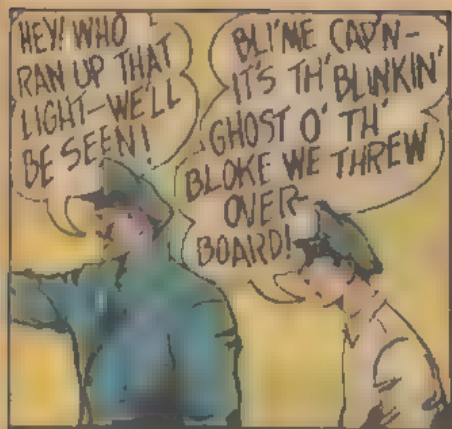




BUT UNNOTICED BY THE REST OF THE CREW, CHANG DROPS A LINE OVER THE STERN







SAM THE PORTER BY ALGER

SO YOU'RE BETTING ON
YOUR BASEBALL TEAM
TO WIN TODAY?

YASS SIR,
MR. FORBES!



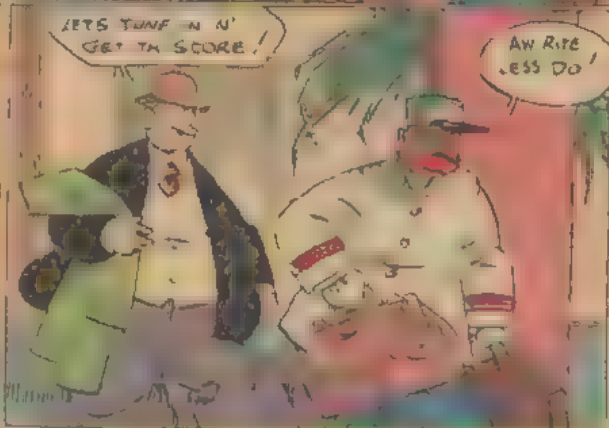
YOU'RE BACKING THE OUTLAWS
TO BEAT THE GASHOUSE BOYS?

THASS
RTE
MR. FORBES
!!



LET'S TUNE IN N'
GET TH SCORE!

AW RTE
LESS DO!



THE SCORE IS NOW -
GASHOUSE BOYS 147
OUTLAWS NOTHING

WELL, SAM, IT LOOKS
LIKE YOU'VE LOST!



THAT ENDS THE
FIRST HALF OF
THE FIRST
INNING //

AH KNEWED IT!
OUR SIDE HAIN'T
BATTED YET!
NOW WATCH OL'
MURDERERS' ROW //
MOW 'EM DOWN..





FREE! 65 DIFFERENT TRIANGLES, ETC.



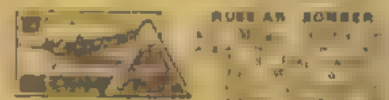
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U. S. MORT STAMP CO., Dept. 705, Washington, D. C.



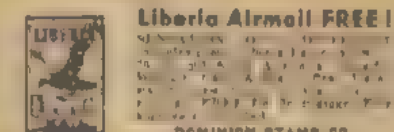
BEAUMANN STAMP CO. Dept. 200, 4000 Phelps Rd.

Adventure Stamp Page

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40 Diff. 3 Triangles, Giant Diamond and 4 Airmails.

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ARNOLD STAMP CO. Dept. 10, Waverly, Md.

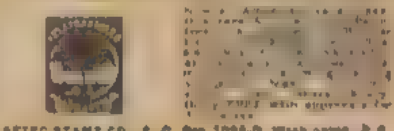
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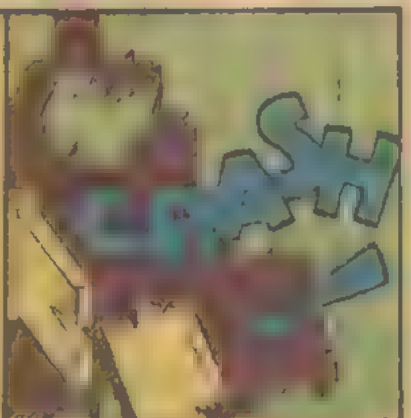
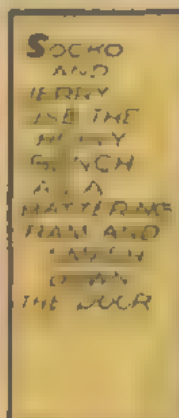
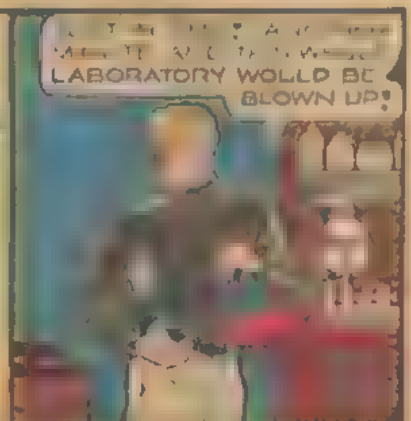
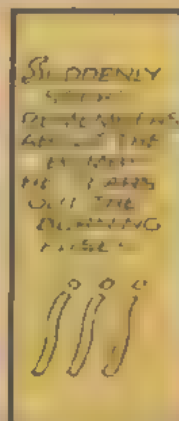
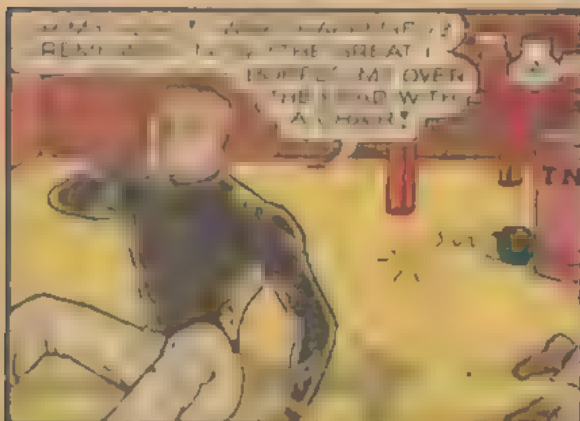
STAMP CO. Baltimore, Md.

SOCKO STRONG

by ALBERT AND

SOCKO STRONG AND JERRY INDUTCH LIE UNCONSCIOUS IN THE UNDERGROUND LABORATORY OF THE GREAT I.

AS THE FLUSE OF A BOMB BURNS CLOSER AND CLOSER TO TWO BARRELS OF T.N.T., SOCKO SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOLNESS...



[illegible]

NOT YET WE SC
TO CAPTURE THE
OF AT 13 FOUR
ARE RE 5) F E 13 CHES
RE 13 OF
RE 13 RE
RE 13

[illegible]

A very blurry, low-resolution image showing a person in a red jacket, possibly a police officer, standing in front of a wall with posters. The image is heavily distorted and lacks fine detail.

A very blurry, low-resolution image showing a person in a red jacket, possibly a police officer, standing in front of a wall with posters. The image is heavily distorted and lacks fine detail.

years ago you laughed at
my theory that I could make
myself invisible. A night at B
I shall prove that you are a
wrong one & was right.
I shall tell you by down
fortune. No one will see me
because I am invisible.

THE ORIENT I
(from by Prof. Rosenbaum)

years ago you laughed at
my theory that I could make
myself invisible. A night at B
I shall prove that you are a
wrong one & was right.
I shall tell you by down
fortune. No one will tell me
because it am invisible.

THE ORIENT I
(from by Prof. Rosenbaum)

GAG, I'LL PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST!

GAG, I'LL PLACE YOU UNDER ARREST!

A
7.45
THAT
P. GHT

HERE WE
ARE...
RIGHT
ON TIME.

VE BROUGHT
MY CAMERA AND
SOME RAPID FILM
DEVELOPER.
HAVE A
THEORY...

SHUT UP AND S T DOWN!
THIS WHOLE THING HAS GOT
ME NUTS...AN INVISIBLE
MAN
"HOO!"

BE SEATED
GENTLEMEN.
LL OPEN A
BOTTLE OF WINE.

THE WINE CAN WAIT
PROFESSOR. TELL ME WHAT
YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS
ROSENCRANTZ WHO NOW
CALLS HIMSELF THE
GREAT

THERE'S NOT MUCH
TO TELL...HE WAS A
BRILLIANT CHEMIST
WHO WORKED
UNDER ME
YEARS AGO...

AT THAT TIME HE WAS EXPERIMENT-
ING WITH A RAY TO MAKE
HIMSELF INVISIBLE.
HE WAS A
GEYUS BUT
CRAZY?
WHEN
HE -

YES...YES...GO ON?
SAY...WHAT'S
THE MATTER?

I THOUGHT I FELT
SOMETHING...SOMEBODY
BRUSH BY ME...SOMEBODY
I COULD FEEL...
BUT COULDN'T
SEE!

SUDDENLY THERE IS A
BLINDING FLASH!

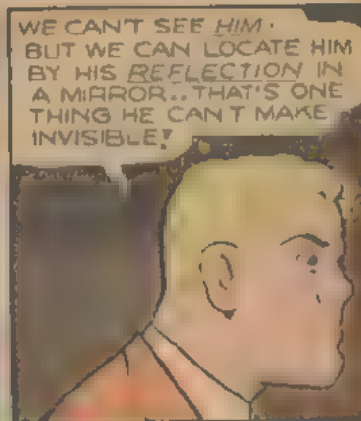
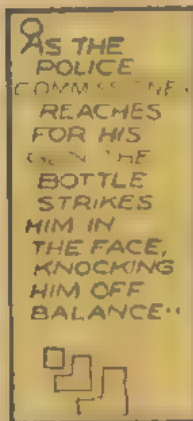
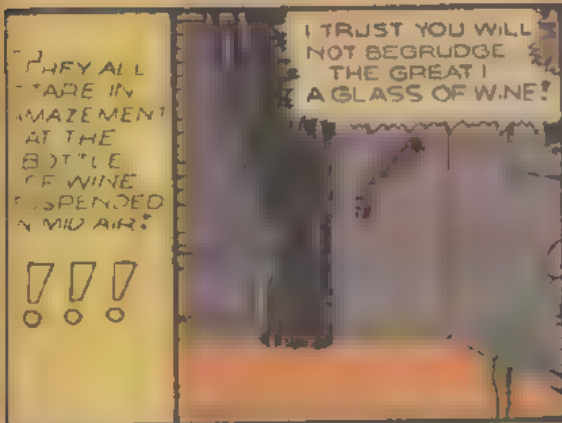
BANG

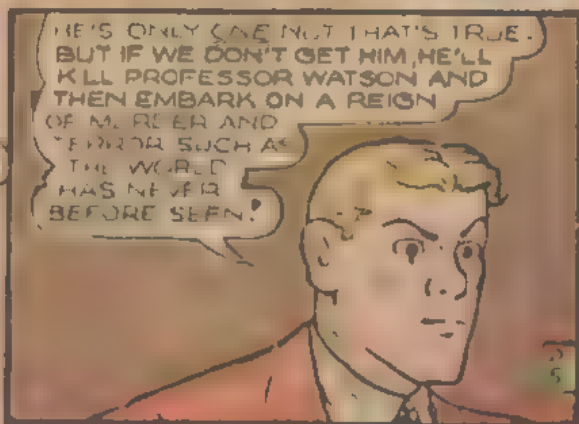
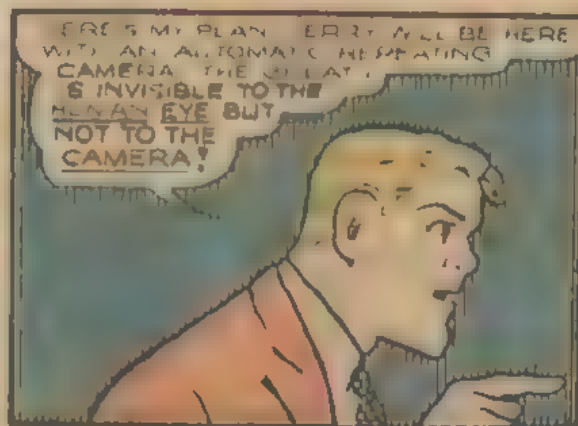
WHAT
WAS
THAT

I TAKE IT EASY COMMISSIONER
THAT WAS JUST A FLASLIGHT
BULB EXPLODING!
I JUST TOOK
A P-PICTURE!

A PICTURE?
OF
WHAT?

TH-
THAT!





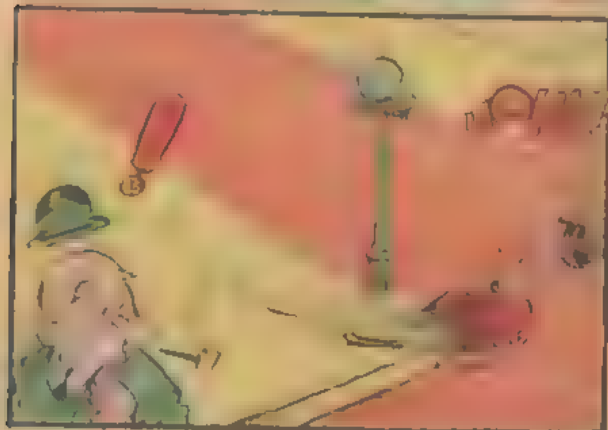
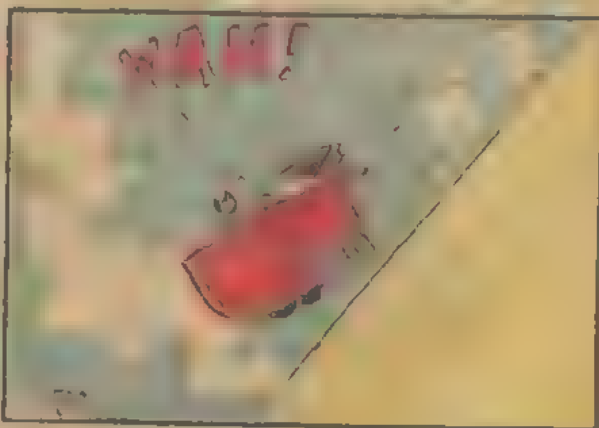


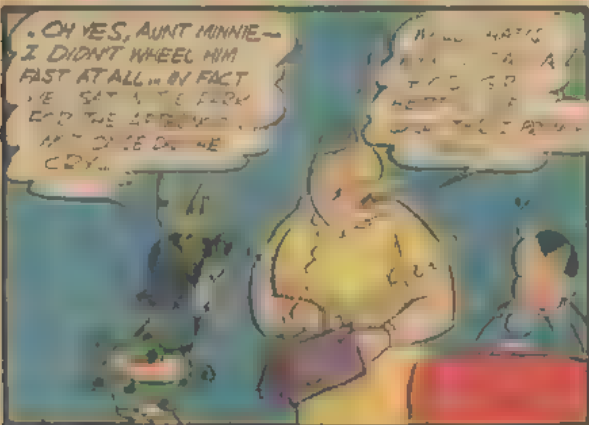
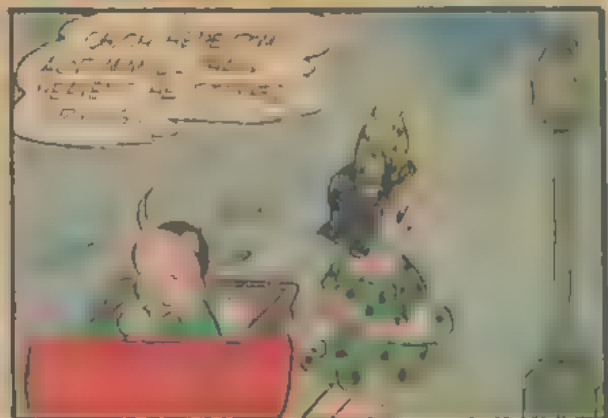
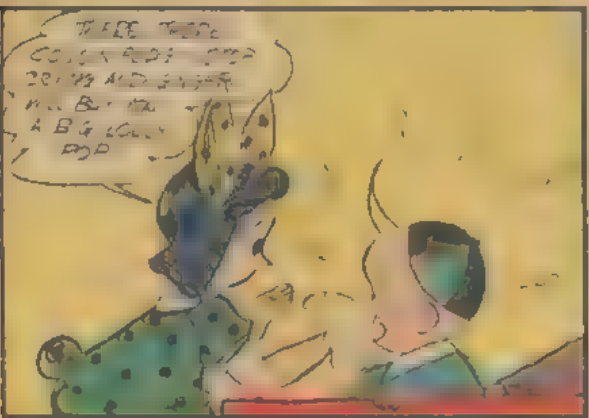
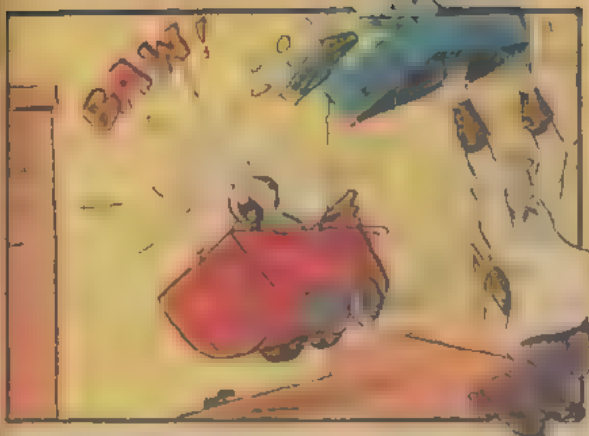
SOCKO THINKS HE'S FIGURED OUT A WAY TO STOP THE INVISIBLE GREAT I.

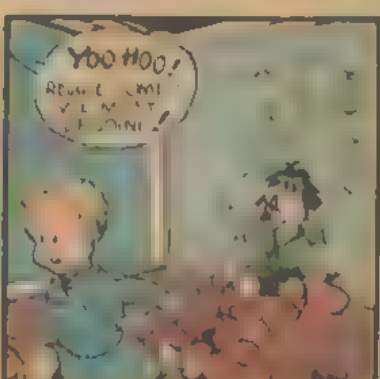
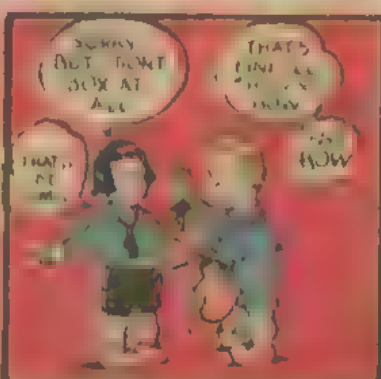
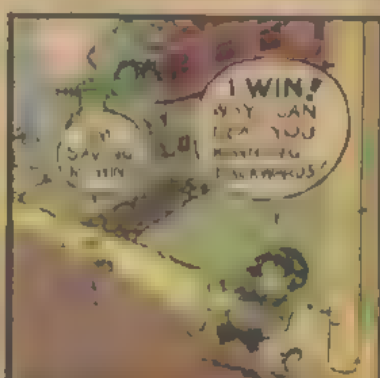
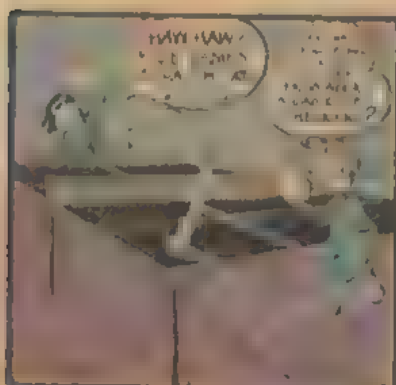
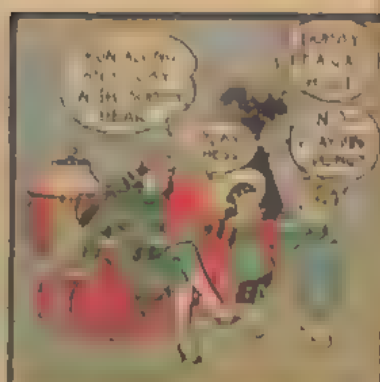
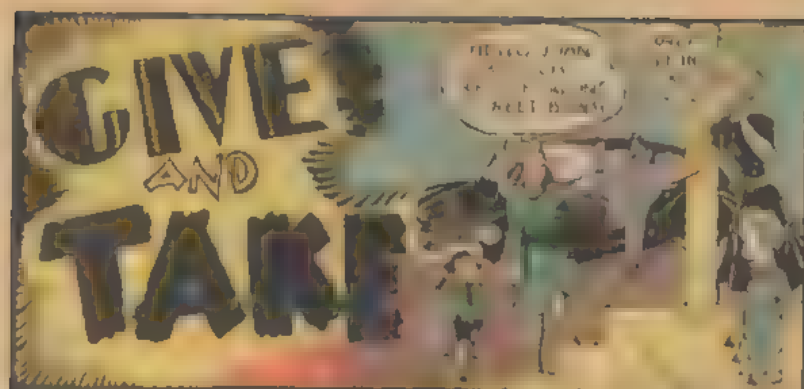
WILL SOCKO'S PLAN WORK?

SEE NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE FOR THE ANSWER!

GINGER SNAP







Baby CURTISS 5¢ Ruth

WHEN WERE
BUTTONS
FIRST USED?

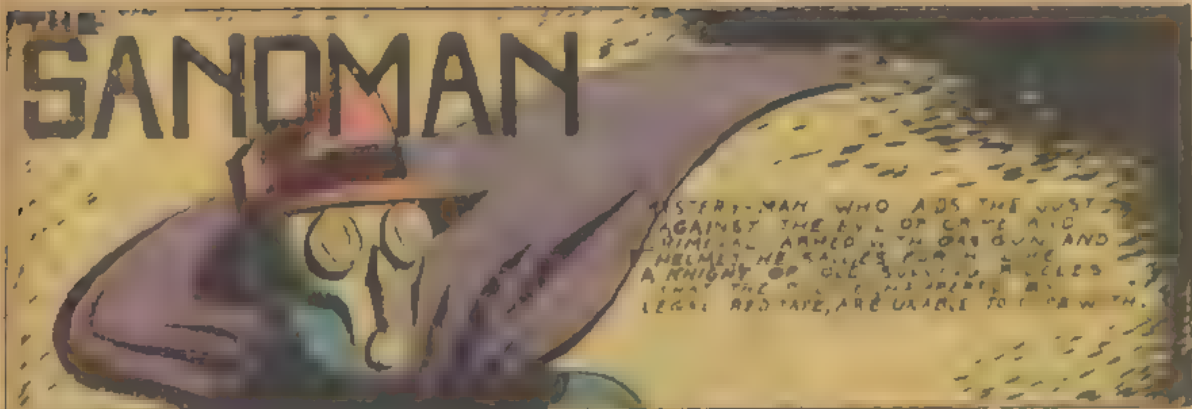


AS HIGH
AS THE
DEXTROSE
THE ONLY
YOUR BABY
WILL LOVE



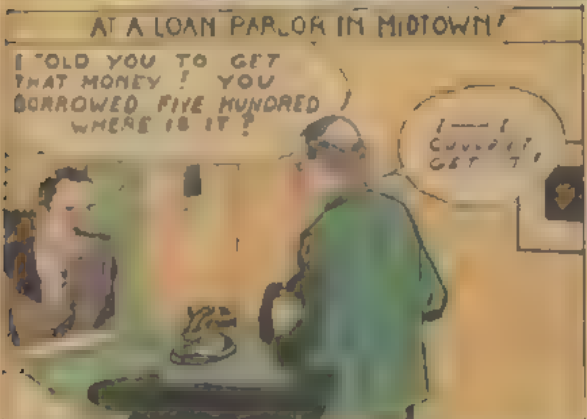
13TH CENTURY
IN EUROPE

CANDY IS DELICIOUS FOOD ... ENJOY SOME EVERY DAY



THE SANDMAN

MYSTERY-MAN WHO ADDS THE JUST AGAINST THE EVIL OF CRIME AND HIMSELF ARMED WITH GUN AND HELMET HE RALES FORTH A LITANY OF OLD SQUAD RULES THAT THE POLICE, UNARMED, BY LEGAL AND FAIR, ARE UNABLE TO FOLLOW.



AT A LOAN PARLOR IN MIDTOWN!

I TOLD YOU TO GET THAT MONEY! YOU BORROWED FIVE HUNDRED WHERE IS IT?

I—I COULDN'T GET IT!

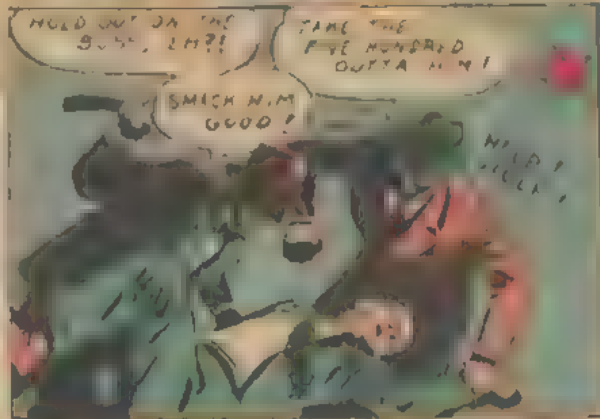


YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO?

I SURE DO!



HERE HE COMES!

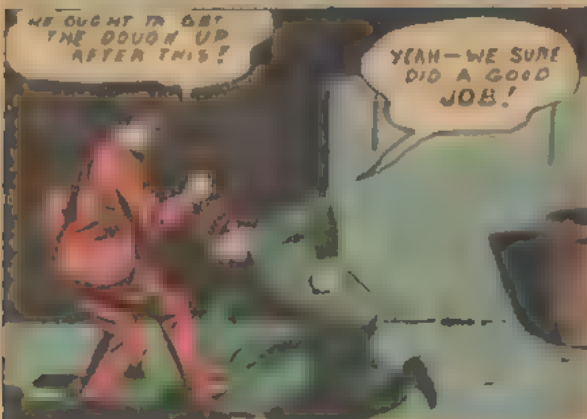


HOLD OUT ON THE GUN, EH?!

TAKE THE FIVE HUNDRED OUTTA HIM!

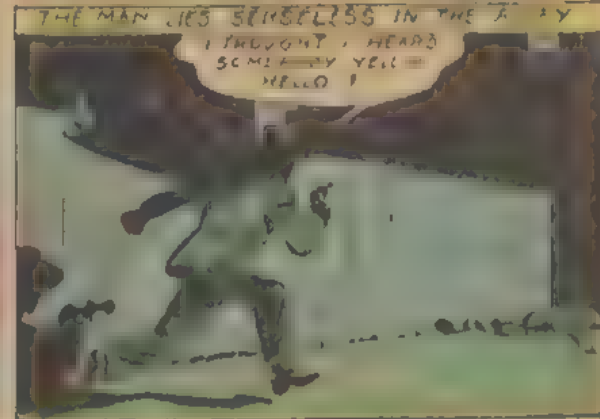
SMACK HIM GOOD!

WELL, HE'S DEAD!



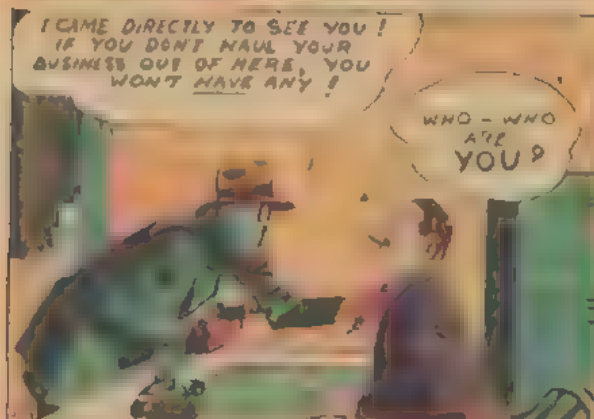
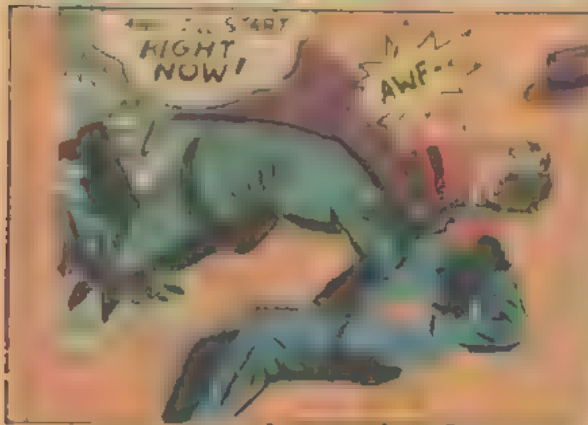
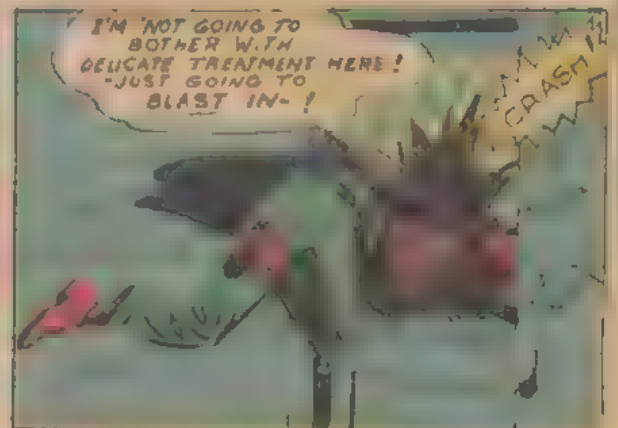
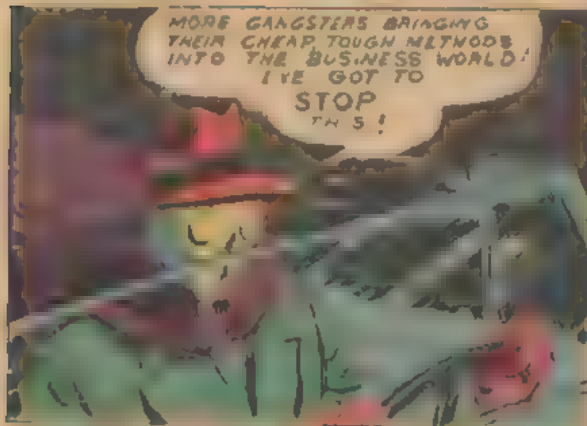
WE OUGHT TO GET THE DOUGH UP AFTER THIS!

YEAH—WE SURE DID A GOOD JOB!



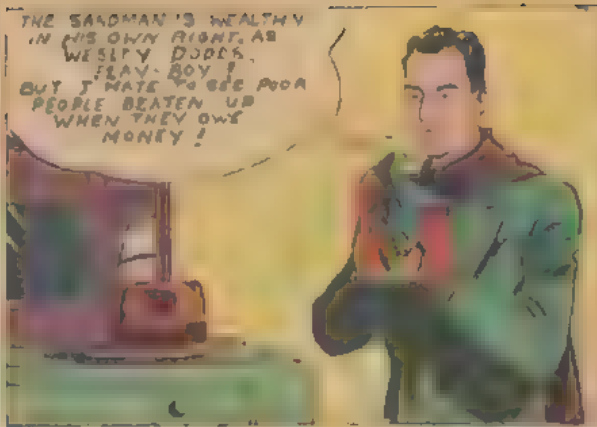
THE MAN LIES SENSELESS IN THE ALLEY

I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING YELL HELLO!





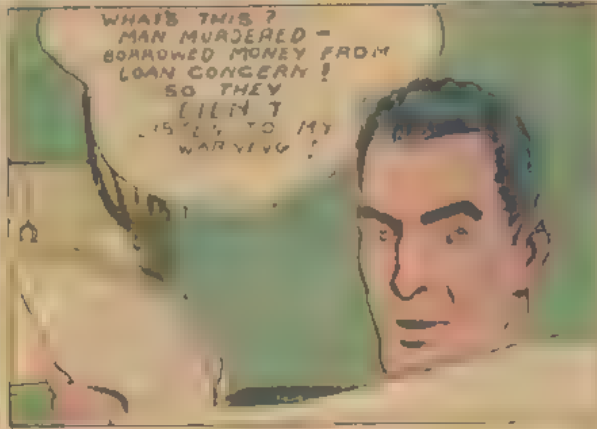
IF THAT SORT OF
TREATMENT DOESN'T WORK,
I CAN USE
OTHER METHODS !



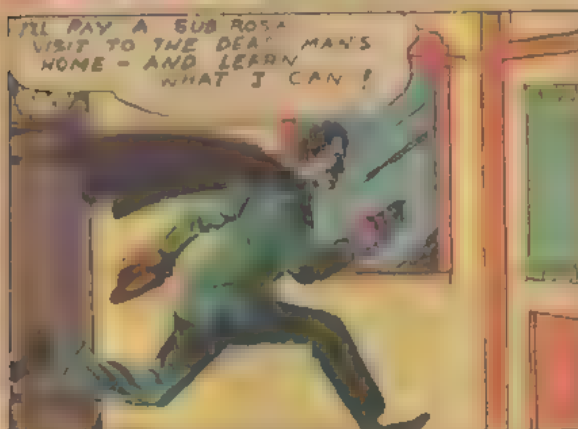
THE SANDMAN IS WEALTHY
IN HIS OWN RIGHT, AS
WESTLY DODGE.
FLAVY BOY !
BUT I HATE TO SEE POOR
PEOPLE BEATEN UP
WHEN THEY OWE
MONEY !



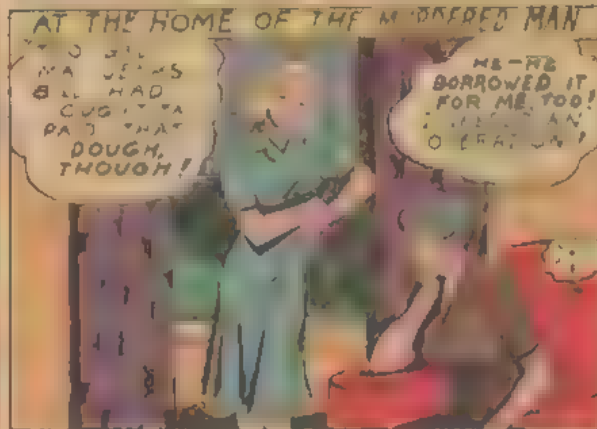
I WONDER IF MY
THREATS WILL
HAVE ANY
EFFECT ?



WHAT'S THIS ?
MAN MURDERED -
BORROWED MONEY FROM
LOAN CONCERN !
SO THEY
GIVEN
LISTEN TO MY
WARNING !



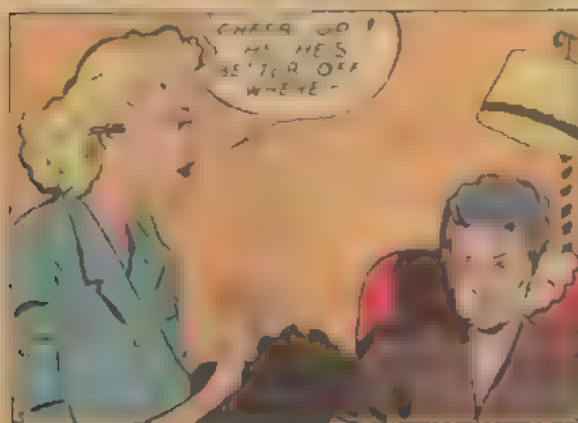
I'LL PAY A SUB ROSA
VISIT TO THE DEAD MAN'S
HOME - AND LEARN
WHAT I CAN !



AT THE HOME OF THE MURDERED MAN

TO SEE
MR. JENKS
BUT HAD
CUGHT A
PAID THAT
DOUGH,
THOUGH !

HE-HE
BORROWED IT
FOR ME TOO!
WELL, AN
OPERATION !

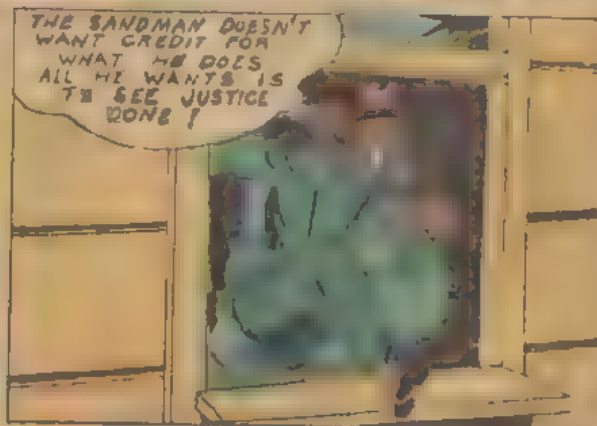
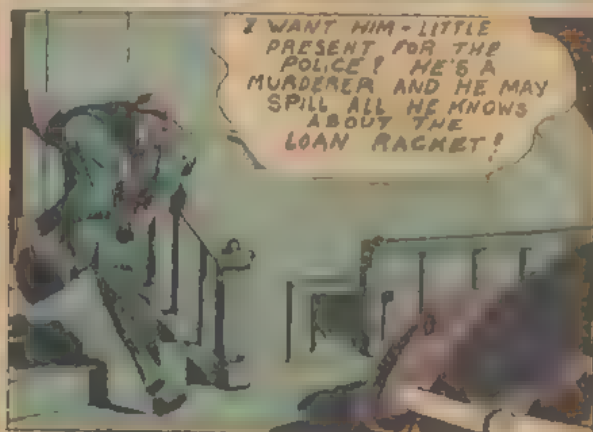


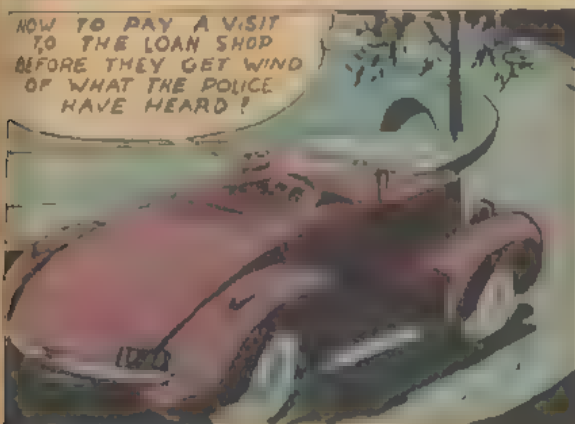
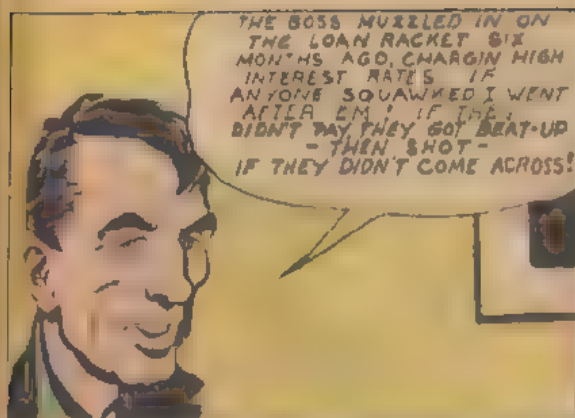
CHUCK GO !
HE'S
GETTING OFF
WHERE -

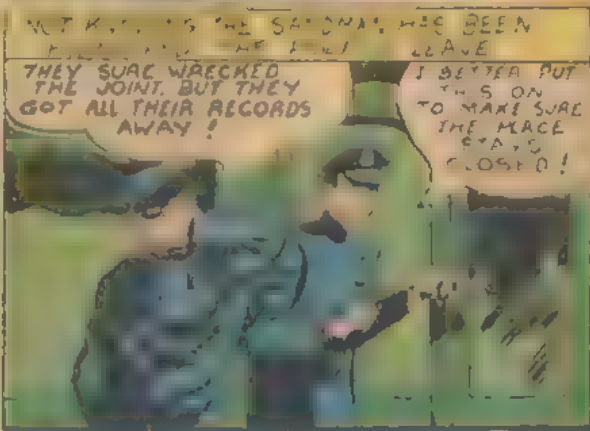


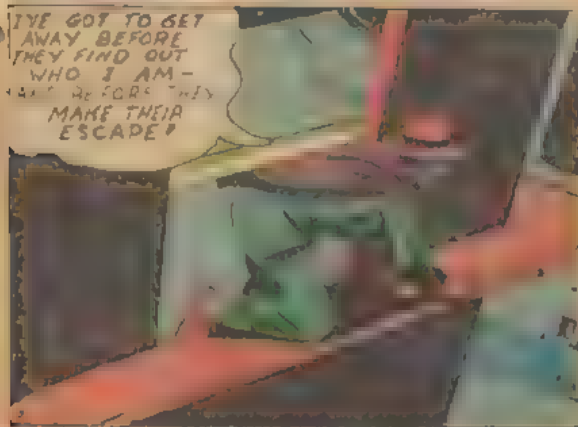
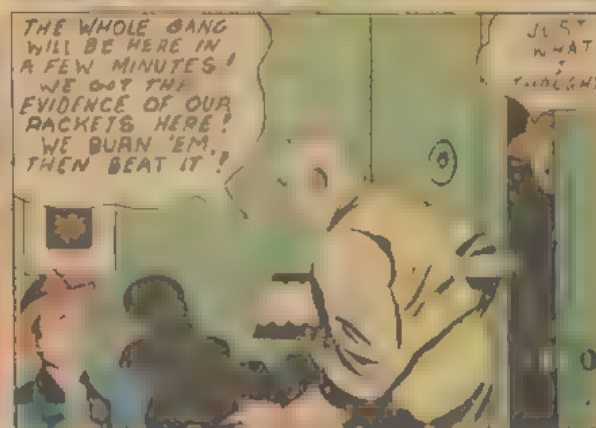
GARY !
WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN'
HERE ?

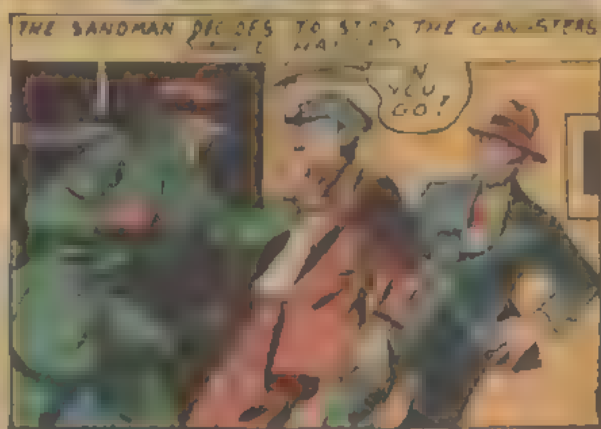
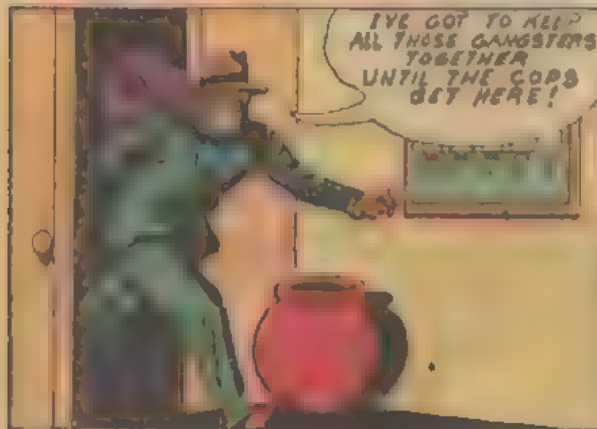
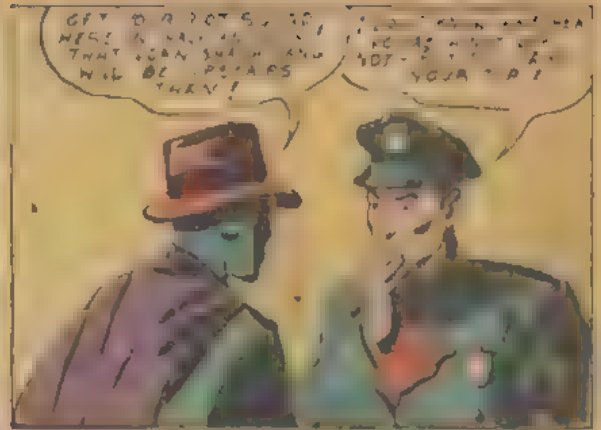
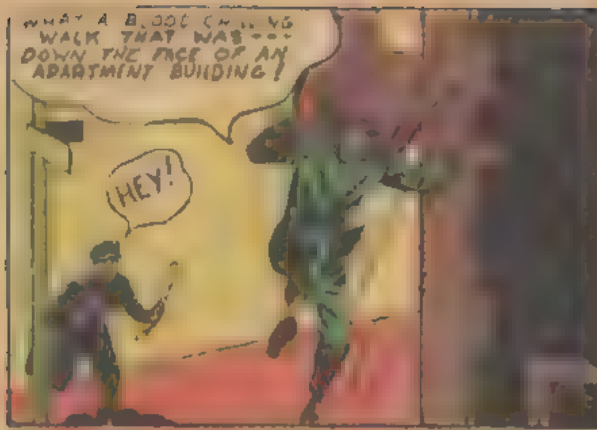
'LO, DOLLY ! CAME OVER
TO MAKE SURE
JENKS GOT HIS !









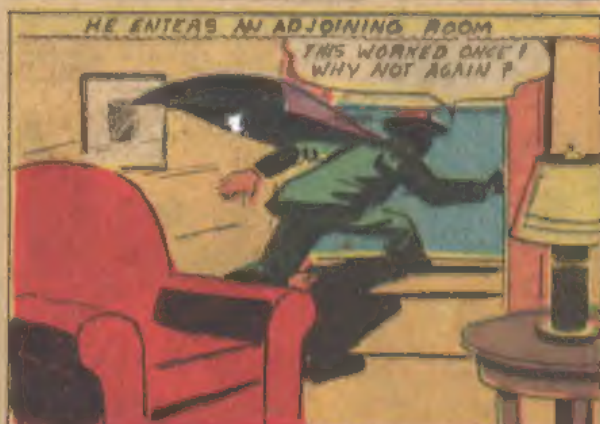




THE
GANGSTERS
PART
AND THE
SANDMAN
MOVES
WITH THE
RAPIDITY OF
THOUGHT



HE
WHEELS...
THROWS OPEN
THE
DOOR...
IS
THROUGH
AND
HAS IT
LOCKED
BEFORE THEY
CAN
MOVE!



HE ENTERS THE ROOM AGAIN BEHIND THE GANGSTERS



HE GASSES THEM, ONE BY ONE



YOU TOO!
GORILLA GUS!



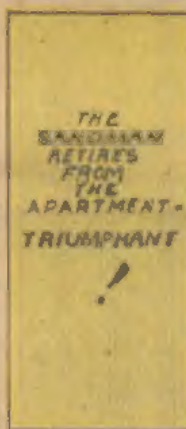
NOW FOR YOU
OTHERS -!
A LITTLE
FISTICUFFS!



HERE'S ALL THE PROOF
THE POLICE WILL
NEED!
I'LL LEAVE IT
WHERE THEY CAN'T FAIL
TO SEE IT!



THE
SANDMAN
RETIRES
FROM
THE
APARTMENT -
TRIUMPHANT
!



A SIMPLE MATTER
TO PICK THE
LOCK
LET MYSELF OUT
AND LOCK THEM
IN AGAIN!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE POLICE BREAK IN

HERE ARE OUR GANGSTERS
WITH THE EVIDENCE
IN THIS CASE
PRESENTED BY
THE SANDMAN!
WHAT A GUY!



I BET IT WAS EASY
FOR
THE SANDMAN!



BUT WE KNOW
IT
WASN'T SO
"EASY"
!

DON'T MISS
THE NEXT
THRILLING
SANDMAN
ADVENTURE
PUBLISHED
IN
EACH AND EVERY
ISSUE OF
ADVENTURE
COMICS!

